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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE year ends without any considerable relaxation of tension in Europe. Hitler is now less likely to send a large army to Spain. But he is apparently putting pressure on Italy, and both Fascist Powers seem disposed to avoid any definite reply to the British and French proposal to ban all "volunteers" to Spain, while Germany continues to send them in driblets. The French will not stand this indefinitely. The proper procedure is to accept the suggestion of the Soviet Union which urges, in a very sensible reply to the non-intervention request, that it is eager for real non-intervention, but that it can only be real if the Powers are prepared for "effective control over the observance of the agreement." If Britain and France are prepared to enforce this control the war will still be confined to Spain.

Planes for Spain

The military news from Spain reports several republican successes. Franco's besieging forces have been pushed back at several points round Madrid, and the Catalans have taken the offensive with vigour. The Government has also managed to buy second-hand planes to the value of over £500,000 in the U.S.A. and a licence to export them has been secured. American neutrality legislation refers only to international conflicts. During previous civil wars (notably during the last in Brazil) the State Department affirmed decisively the usual doctrine of international law—that a recognised Government has a right to buy arms, and that rebels have no such right. This case may, however, lead under the present cult of neutrality in all circumstances to a modification of this doctrine. It is announced that the President will ask Congress for discretionary powers to forbid the export of arms to either combatant or both in a civil war. Congress is overwhelmingly of his party. None the less, it is doubtful whether it will grant to the Executive a power which it has twice recently refused in the case of international wars.

The Chinese Comedy

Good form in China has its precise and elaborate code, applicable to cases of kidnapping as to every other vicissitude of life. Marshal Chiang-Kai-shek has flown back to Peking, with his captor General Chang as a humble member of his suite. The latter has issued a public apology in which he describes himself as a "rustic, surly and unpolished person," and asks for the punishment that fits his crime. The Marshal, having suffered "loss of face," insisted on resigning his posts as Premier and Generalissimo, and even did it twice to prove his humility. The resignation was duly refused. In an exquisite letter to his captor, the Marshal said that since he had realised his duty as a gentleman to admit a mistake, he was entitled to remain one of the Marshal's subordinates. The affair,

he added, "marks a turning point in the life of the nation." What, then, if anything, has happened, save that all have observed the code of good manners under extreme difficulty? Will there now be a firmer attitude towards Japan? We do not know, but we like the suggestion that the Nanking Government may embrace the Communists if they will consent to drop their odious name.

The Indian Outlook

The annual conference of the Indian National Congress Party met this week at an obscure village, Faizpur, in Bombay Province. The intention was to stress the resolve of Congress to enlist the peasants in its ranks. Their economic grievances and their need of organisation were emphasised also in Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru's presidential address. Congress proposes to set up a Constituent Assembly to draft a Constitution of its own, after the provincial elections, composed largely of elected Members. It is not, however, likely that many beyond its own ranks will attend, and the Moslems are likely to ignore it. The main tactical question, whether members of this party will take office in provinces where they secure a majority, is still unsettled: Mr. Nehru is strongly against such a measure of co-operation to which the older generation inclines. Resolutions were adopted to proclaim hartals (one-day general strikes) at the coming into force of the Constitution and at the Coronation. There is happily news of a truce on the Frontier. The rebel tribes are prepared to submit and to pay fines.

The Class-Struggle in France

M. Blum managed to settle this week's strike in the Paris provision trades without too much difficulty; but there is every sign of more industrial trouble brewing in the metal and other industries. The plain fact is that the employers, taken by surprise by last summer's widespread and spontaneous strike movement, gave away under stress of the moment more than on second thoughts they are at all willing to concede. Consequently, there is arising endless trouble over the application of the Matignon agreements, the general provisions of which were left to be applied in detail by later negotiations. In face of these delays and of the rising cost of living, the Trade Unions are getting more and more restive. M. Blum has attempted to meet the situation by taking power to impose compulsory arbitration; but it is not so easy to make this work in practice, in face of employers who are set on weeding out "dangerous agitators" among their employees, and of arbitrators who meet a demand for a rise in wages in view of higher prices by awarding a wage-reduction instead—as actually happened, and caused the strike, in the provision trades. It looks as if a powerful section among the French employers is definitely out to get its own back; while the Trade Unions tend to believe that attack is the best form of defence. The reactionary press does its best to turn these troubles into a weapon against the Blum Government, hoping to replace it by a Ministry of the Centre. But no such Ministry is possible without the Socialists, who will hardly take so sure a road to political suicide.

A British Financier

Sir Henry Deterding, now resident in Berlin, is stated to have given a million pounds towards a scheme for taking over for German use the entire surplus of Dutch agricultural produce. He accompanies the announcement of this scheme with a letter violently attacking Communism, which he paradoxically denounces as the principal foe of international trade and co-operation, though one would have supposed that the Nazi doctrines of self-sufficiency must bear a larger responsibility for the plight of Germany's foreign trade. The idea seems to be that if the existing Dutch surplus can be acquired for Germany by the philanthropy of Sir Henry and his friends it will be easier for trade between Germany and Holland to be resumed on a large scale on a basis of complementary exchange. The conclusion to be drawn from Sir Henry's action is that the food situation in Germany this winter must be fully as serious as it has been reported to be. But it has the further significance that international finance, or at any rate a powerful group of international financiers—whose influence incidentally is by no means negligible in the City of London—is prepared to go a long way in order to help the Nazi regime.

Financing German Rearmament

The support which Hitler still has in the City is shown by the news that what amounts to a camouflaged loan is being granted to Germany, with the approval of the British Government, by a banking group in which Schröders are the best known participants. The new company is called Compensation Brokers, Ltd. The mechanism is for Germany to buy from the Empire colonies fats, oils, rubber and other raw materials—which have a definite military value. Cash is paid to the Colonial exporters not by Germany but by the Banking Co., which is to reimburse itself out of the sterling proceeds which British importers are to pay *at some future date* for German manufactured articles *as and when delivered.* The whole thing amounts to a revolving credit of indefinite duration, and of an indefinite amount, with the result that other foreign exchange is thus released for cash purchases—if not of butter at least of guns. Thus a foreign loan is being granted to Germany which will no doubt use it for further armaments, and it is being granted without any stipulation even of allocating part of the foreign exchanges available to further payment of the heavy outstanding "stand-still" debts. That it is made without political conditions goes without saying; it can be used for further aid to the Spanish rebels or for making aeroplanes to bomb Prague—or London.

The U.S. Automobile War Begins

Mr. John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organisation has now seriously launched its campaign for Trade Unionism in the automobile industry, with General Motors and its associated plants as the first object of attack. Hitherto the American automobile industry has been dominated by the "company union" organised in each separate plant. But in recent months the new Automobile Workers' Union, created and backed by the Lewis Committee, has made very rapid progress; and delegates from a number of the company unions have come together in defiance of the employers and affirmed their solidarity with the movement for independent Trade Union organisation. The strategy of the new Union is not for the present to call a general stoppage at all the General Motors plants, but to select particular

establishments in which it is strong—especially those which, occupying key positions in the chain of production, can bring the rest to a standstill if they can be kept effectively idle. The significance of the struggle which is now beginning extends far beyond the automobile industry; for, in effect, the entire principle of company unionism is being challenged. Mr. Lewis has perhaps a quarter of the automobile workers in his ranks; but he relies on the discontent in the company unions to bring out many of the rest as the campaign proceeds. He can reckon, moreover, on the benevolent neutrality of the Federal Government, though not in all cases of the State Governors.

The Soviet Union Takes Count

On January 6th the Soviet Union is taking a complete census of population. This is required, *inter alia*, for the coming into operation of the new Soviet Constitution based on equal direct suffrage; by far the largest electorate in the world has now to be formally registered in preparation for the election of the new Soviet Parliament. According to official estimates, population has increased by between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 since the last Census was taken in 1926. The Soviet Union had then about 147,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 116,000,000 lived in Europe. The announcement issued from Moscow states that already 44 per cent. of the total population consists of persons born since the Soviet revolution, and two-thirds of persons too young to have any distinct memory of the Tsarist regime. Of the present population about 50,000,000 are town-dwellers—which leaves more than two-thirds still rural, despite the rapid advance of industrialisation. Moscow has 3,700,000 inhabitants, and Leningrad 2,750,000. Total population is now increasing at the rate of about 3,000,000 a year.

Christmas Records

Most people seem to enjoy "records"; and it is excellent publicity for the Post Office to be able to announce that this Christmas it has handled 200,000,000 letters in two days—to say nothing of 5,500,000 parcels and, on Christmas Eve alone, 370,000 telegrams at the Central Telegraph Office only. Evidently, we have been enjoying a remarkably merry and prosperous Christmas; all records at the Post Office have been broken this year by exceedingly wide margins. The Bank of England has also been able to announce, with greater sedateness, an easy record for the note circulation—facilitated by Mr. Chamberlain's recent juggling with the gold reserve and the fiduciary issue. The shopping, too, has beaten all previous years during the final Christmas rush. This is one side of the situation: the other is that these records have all been reached in face of the continuance of unrelieved depression in some of our leading industrial areas. South Wales hardly had a Merry Christmas, whoever else did. The Means Test does not conduce to merriment.

Lady Houston

We sincerely regret the death of Lady Houston. She rivalled Low in her power of making detestable opinions appear ridiculous, and was herself an incarnate argument against the inheritance of wealth.

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HUNGER BREEDS WAR

AT the end of a dark and perilous year there confronts us the possibility of a new departure in European affairs. The pivot on which everything turns is Spain, and through Madrid may be the road to a period of appeasement that should affect the whole continent. The British and French Governments are waiting for Berlin to reply to their request for assurances that German intervention by the despatch of men and arms to Spain shall cease. Neither of the Western Governments can be satisfied with the usual professions of correct behaviour that begin by denying facts known to all the world. We do not know whether there are 10,000 German troops in Spain or 30,000, as the French assert, but that 5,000 landed recently in a body is established on British official authority, while the events of this week at Bilbao remind us that German munitions are still flowing to General Franco. There is, however, reason to believe that reports from the rebel camp may have put before Herr Hitler a difficult choice.

If Hitler continues to help Franco's cause only on the present scale, the probability is that the Republic will none the less survive after a hard struggle, and that Germany's effort will end only in isolation and diminished prestige. If at all costs Hitler means to assure Franco's victory, he may have to send a further 60,000 men and keep them in Spain to maintain his clients in power. The French at least grasp the meaning of this second alternative: it would amount to a German conquest of Spain. Failing a satisfactory reply they are considering withdrawal from the Neutrality Committee, which means that their hands would then be free to give the Republic all the help it needed in men and arms. The British Government, which feels as yet no pressure from the regular Opposition, still lags behind the French standpoint, but it has none the less joined in the representations addressed to Berlin. What is proposed is a prohibition of "volunteering," whether spontaneous or official, which should save Germany's face, because it would be general. The manifest difficulty is that no one trusts the Führer's word. There is no solution except control on the spot, which is difficult but possible. Nothing less than an international naval patrol would serve the purpose.

Berlin, it seems, will be in no hurry to give a prompt and convincing answer. There are possibilities of bargaining or of blackmail in this Spanish affair. What inducement have the Western Powers to offer, if Hitler should consent to recall his troops or to put a ban on further "volunteering"? The immediate stress of Nazi propaganda is on the need for colonies and raw materials. Spain with a permanent German garrison would be a tolerable substitute for a colony, and it would furnish two of the raw materials which the chief Nazi industry most urgently needs, iron-ore and copper. Downing Street would, no doubt, repudiate any notion of a bargain with Germany over Spain. None the less, it is difficult to dismiss the impression that something nearly resembling a bargain of this kind is being concluded at Rome. The British Government removes the last legal obstacles to the absorption of Abyssinia by the Roman Empire, and resumes normal relations with it, while Italy withdraws her forces from Majorca. Given that the League no longer counts, this is merely an example of the cynical necessities

demanded by the old diplomacy. Similarly to make Hitler a genuine offer about colonies and raw materials on a guaranteed assurance that no more Germans should be allowed to enter Spain might be good diplomacy. But to discuss with him Germany's claim to colonies or the rehabilitation of the German economic system, while he holds in suspense the threat to send a large army of conquest to Spain, would be to set a premium on violence that would ruin any prospect of European appeasement.

It is argued that such a transaction would buy peace for two years, and that by that time this country will have completed its rearmament. This argument misconstrues the present balance of military power in Europe. Germany has rearmed in haste, and the ghastly rehearsal in Spain has had at least one salutary result; it has demonstrated the marked inferiority of the German planes to those of France and Russia. General Göring has failed to build a war-machine whose technical efficiency could balance by a sudden knock-out blow the economic defects of Germany's national structure. Hitler has won his successes by sheer audacity: he has not behind him the resources, technical or economic, that would enable him to risk a great war, if the Western Powers were to call his bluff. The argument based on British military deficiencies has weight only if we conceive our policy in isolationist terms. It is senseless if we assume that Great Britain would stand with France and Russia to resist a German aggression. Together these three Powers possess a great preponderance of strength. On their hesitations and divisions Hitler can play: united it is inconceivable that he could challenge them. There is, therefore, no necessity that compels us to subordinate the long-range view, based on international morality, to any short-range view based on military exigencies. The first step to appeasement ought to be a joint veto, courteous in form but imperative in substance, against any further German intervention in Spain. Everyone knows that Germany is now the real obstacle; Italy is still bargaining; Russia has agreed to real non-intervention if other powers also refrain. If Hitler hesitates, he should be made to understand that this country will stand behind France and Russia in any action they may take to prevent a German conquest of Spain. Whether Mr. Eden has the realism or the influence in the Cabinet to take action as resolute as this remains to be seen. Without it, to embark on any conversation over colonies and raw materials would only confirm Hitler in his belief that he can attain all his ends by lawless audacity.

After this preliminary vindication of the decencies of international life, the lasting interests of European peace should prompt us, together with France and Russia, to enter into the discussion with Germany of her economic needs in a friendly attitude yet with open eyes. Any attempt to understand her case must start from the perception of two governing facts: (1) she is unfortunate, by comparison with the great imperial Powers, in that her industry has been developed out of all proportion to her territorial possessions, and cannot in the present condition of the world find an assured market. (2) Faced with this problem, she has subordinated her whole national life to the ideal of self-sufficiency, which is nothing but a preparation for an eventual war of expansion. One may argue that it might be wise to satisfy in some degree her demand for a colony or a mandate, because it is in part her neurotic suffering under the stigma of an inferior status that has driven her to her present frenzy of self-assertion. Until her equal status is fully recognised, she will not, it is urged, recover her sanity. But to encourage her to suppose that any colonial redistribution that is feasible can relieve in any significant measure either her exchange difficulties or her demand for raw materials and foodstuffs would be to foster a dangerous illusion. There is no peaceful solution for these difficulties within the framework of the policy she has adopted. The effects of "autarkie" on the standard of life of her people are discussed this week in another article. The logical conclusion of this policy is evident. Neither the restoration of Tanganyika nor the acquisition of such a colony as Portuguese Angola—which Britain and France might be happy to give to Germany!—could delay the inevitable for more than a year or two. Driven by the physical distress of a gnawing hunger, this nation will be hurled, like the starving Tartars who flew from the desiccated deserts of Asia in the dark ages, on the black earth of the Ukraine, where butter and pigs and wheat can be raised to satisfy their needs. This region has limitless possibilities, for it has minerals and power as well as food, and it is not over-populated. This motive for conquest surpasses, by its explosive violence, any mere "ideological" hatred of Russian Communism, or any capitalistic appetite for empire. It gathers force under our eyes: the belly of a nation will not for ever be satisfied with cannon instead of butter: its hands will use the cannon to win the butter.

Two attitudes are possible towards this artificially engendered hunger. They are to our thinking complementary: neither can succeed without the other. One is positive and constructive. If Germany will without reserves return to the family of nations, there are no measures that we would exclude from consideration to satisfy her economic needs. We would ask her to return to the League, though this in itself would mean little. We would expect her assent first to a stand-still agreement over armaments, and then to a general reduction. But the only adequate proof she can give of a desire to live at peace with her neighbours is to abandon the whole system of "autarkie" on which her economic life is based. It is a discipline for wars, a self-imposed blockade, which at once breeds the motive and prepares the means for conquest. If in principle she would agree to consider a reversal of this policy, we would ask our economists to consider with hers every conceivable means by which her return to the economics of peace might be eased—exchange measures, tariff reductions, the international control of raw materials, and if need be even a transitional loan. The other complementary measure is negative and defensive. We would make it clear to her that if she rejects this friendly overture by clinging to the economics of war, she will find that a firmly knit group of pacific Powers confronts her, which will pool its defensive resources and forbid the military expansion which her whole internal structure foretells. That group must be formed around this country, France and Russia. To see Italy as a reliable partner would be mere naivety: Mussolini is vowed to peace only while he digests Abyssinia. The moment to realise this group in action is now, and the occasion is Spain.

THE FRUITS OF NAZI ECONOMY

GERMANS are accustomed to explain that in the last war their country was not beaten in battle, but starved into revolution and defeat. For fear of this happening again, the Nazi leaders are apparently minded to get the people used to semi-starvation well before the next war begins. While General Göring concentrates upon his task of organising the new "Four Year Plan" of self-sufficiency in respect of raw materials, and in the meantime absorbs all the available cash foreign exchange in buying war material, the German people is adjured to adapt its diet to the exigencies of rearmament, by dispensing as far as possible with every type of food that cannot be either produced in sufficient quantities at home, or acquired on a barter basis in exchange for German exports, without calling upon the scanty supplies of cash exchange.

What these adjurations mean can be realised by anyone who has studied recent German official documents. For example, the virtually official *Institut für Konjuncturforschung* has recently issued an elaborate memorandum telling the citizens what types of food they may consume, and what they are to avoid, in the interests of the nation. In this highly instructive document, the first emphasis is laid on reduced consumption of all products of animal origin, with the exception of fish and rabbits. Each hectare of soil, it is pointed out, can be made to yield a far larger food value if it is used to produce vegetable products than if animals are fed upon it. One hectare under potatoes, it is calculated, gives twenty times as great a caloric value as one used for producing beef; and one hectare under wheat is nearly ten times as productive in this sense. Accordingly, the German people is adjured to "change over to a diet which prefers plant products, such as potatoes, vegetables and sugar, rather than animal products." Animal fat, being hardest of all to produce in adequate quantities, is to be specially avoided; but consumption of vegetable fats is also to be kept down to the minimum, because the ingredients have largely to be imported. Fruit consumption, again, is to be kept down, wherever it creates a demand for imports.

Special stress is laid by the *Institut* on the cheapness of the diet which it proposes, as well as on its contribution to national "autarkie." On this score margarine is greatly preferable to butter; but as both have to be imported consumption of both must be reduced. The richer classes can have butter, because it can be largely imported on barter terms. The poor cannot afford butter; and they must not substitute margarine, because its ingredients can be bought abroad only for cash.

Not content with these general proposals for a change in the national diet, the *Institut* goes on to prescribe an elaborate series of seasonal variations in the people's consumption, in accordance with fluctuations in the available supply. The German is told exactly what he may eat each month, as well as what to avoid. And he is provided with a complete schedule of the foods of which, under the Nazi plan, total consumption is to be decreased, kept stable, or increased by way of making up for the deprivation of the tabooed substances. Thus, he must eat less beef, veal, bacon, butter, lard, margarine, table oils and fats, imported vegetables, and fatty cheese. He may keep unchanged his consumption of pork, eggs, game and poultry, bread, rice, cocoa, most fruit, peas, beans, lentils, milk and honey. But he may consume more potatoes—these are given pride of place—sugar, jam, home-produced cheese and vegetables, sago, buttermilk, fish and rabbits. That is, if he can get more; for even of some of these products the supply is at present short.

What must be the outcome of these changes in diet, if they become effective, on the health of the people? In effect, the German nation is being asked to live almost wholly on calorific foods, with only the scantiest provision either for body-building or for protection against disease. It is being urged, as a measure of national preparation for war—for that is what it comes to—to place itself at a level of nutrition which would put it definitely on a level with the most impoverished section of the British people, according to Sir John Orr's classification of it into nutritional groups. For it will not escape the reader's notice that the foods possessing body-building or protective value of which the consumption is not strongly discouraged are for the most part so expensive as to be well beyond the reach of the great majority of the people.

Especially is the recommended diet likely to have disastrous reactions on the health of children and nursing mothers. But it is also calamitously ill-balanced in relation to ordinary adult needs. Calories indeed it may yield in sufficient quantities, if the German people can be induced to live mainly on potatoes—though it is not clear what is to happen when the potato harvest, which is notoriously variable, happens to fail. Presumably, if that occurs, the Germans are to be reduced to the plight of the Irish cottagers in the Hungry Forties—a plight which, it will be remembered, forced Peel to abolish the Corn Laws.

These dietary particulars have been given at some length because they bring out, more clearly than anything else, the human consequences of what Nazi Germany is now attempting to do. The German standard of living is being beaten down by two main forces—the diversion of man-power from producing consumable goods to rearmament, and the curtailment of imports as a means both to rearmament and to that national self-sufficiency which is regarded as indispensable for war. The Germans must live wretchedly, first because their incomes will not allow them to live any better, but also secondly because they must live already after the manner of a beleaguered city.

Compare what this means with the Russian experience during the early years of the Soviets. The Russian people had to fare even worse than the Germans—even a great deal worse. But their fate was for the time unavoidable, and the controllers of the Soviet economy were straining every nerve to provide a way of escape by expanding home production—with reasonable hope of making the standard of living higher within a decade or so than it had ever been before. The present German measures hold out no such hope for the future. For, while it may be possible to raise home production of foodstuffs above the existing level, it is as certain as anything can be that the German people cannot live even tolerably well if it attempts to live almost exclusively on the produce of German agriculture. A decent standard of living and a balanced nutrition imperatively require importation on a large scale.

The German plan, therefore, threatens the German people with devastating malnutrition, not merely for a few years, but for as long as it lasts. It may be answered that it cannot be meant to last; and, of course, it is not. But—and this is the point—it cannot possibly be ended by the success of the plan. If it is to be regarded as a temporary measure, that is only because it is a war measure. The way of escape from malnutrition which the Nazis are holding out to the people is victory in war, which will place vast food-producing areas at the service of the German economy.

The food campaign is only one aspect of the Nazi plan. The Germans' heads are hardly less full of their projects for the mass-production of synthetic textiles, synthetic petrol, synthetic rubber—synthetic substitutes for every material that cannot be found or produced at home. Now, the trouble about most of these substitutes is that, in the existing condition of technique, they are either, like oil, very expensive to produce, or like synthetic rubber, both expensive and very lacking in durability. As far as they enter into consumption, they involve a serious rise in the cost of living. But the German working and middle classes have no margin of incomes wherewith to face such a rise. They are hard enough put to it already in making both ends meet.

Accordingly, both the food plan and the materials plan represent additional explosive forces in the German internal situation. On the one hand, the military leaders doubtless desire to avoid war until their war preparations, including their preparations for "autarkie," are nearer completion. But on the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the privations which

are being inflicted on the mass of the people, and the further privations which are now threatened, will not very soon set up an acute condition of internal nervous strain. It is true that a whole people can almost incredibly tighten its belt—the Russians have shown that. But it can hardly tighten it cheerfully to so extreme a point as Nazi policy demands without either being driven on by a feverish war-enthusiasm or reacting strongly against the regime. The Four Year Plan looks like polarising the nation—driving some of it towards the extremes of bellicosity and others, who dare for the time only grumble in secret, to a more intense hatred of the dictatorship.

Doubtless, the Nazi leaders are alive to the danger of this second reaction. As far and as fast as they can, they will ease the situation by means of barter arrangements with foreign countries for the exchange of foodstuffs for German manufactures. Hence Dr. Schacht's recent journeyings; hence the lively occupation of the German technical journals with the production statistics and possibilities of South-Eastern Europe. But it is realised that barter arrangements cannot easily be pushed much further than they have been already, at any rate under the existing political conditions. Hence, again, the growing belief, in party circles, that successful warfare offers the only way of escape.

There is indeed one curse of capitalism from which Nazi Germany to-day is largely free. German unemployment has been really reduced to fairly small dimensions in comparison with what it was two or three years ago. The official unemployment total is now under a million and a quarter (it was only just over a million in September, before the usual seasonal increase began). A substantial addition must no doubt be made to the official figures in order to arrive at the real total; but even so, the combined effects of intensive rearmament, of new investment for the creation of "substitute" industries, and of the deliberate use of labour in an economically wasteful way in order to further "autarkie" have been materially to increase total employment. The German worker now starves while he works, instead of starving in idleness; and of the two the former condition is to be preferred.

What is the moral? Alas, there is none. For we cannot prevent the German nation from behaving in this insane manner. We can hope only to hold general war off long enough to give common sense a chance of reasserting its influence over the German mind. But even that is not too hopeful; for an exclusively calorific diet hardly conduces to keeping a cool head.

A LONDON DIARY

I LISTENED on Christmas Eve to Hitler's broadcast message to the German people, delivered by his faithful deputy Herr Hess. Herr Hess is a much better and more sympathetic speaker than the other Nazi leaders. He has the voice of a human being, and he does not talk to you as if he were a demented sergeant-major who thought himself a mixture of Isaiah and the Bull of Bashan. All the same, Herr Hess made me thoroughly uncomfortable. His Christmas message was pitiable. Every third word was Deutsche or Deutschtum, and he gave out the impression that these Germans and this Germanism were living in a dream world of unimaginable horror, surrounded by a ring of implacable enemies banded together in a vast conspiracy to destroy them. As a Christmas message, a message of "peace on earth and goodwill to men," it sounded in my ears just sheer craziness.

* * *

An indication of the conditions inside Germany comes to me in an account of certain new tendencies in National Socialism. The policy of the leaders appears to be to reduce the outward and visible signs of the Nazi Party's hold on the people, but to increase the invisible threads of the powerful net which it has thrown over the country. Thus ever since the Olympic Games the practice of restricting the number of uniformed S.A. and S.S. men in the streets of the larger towns has been continued. On the other hand, my informant tells me that in September printed instructions were issued to Party members regarding a development of the existing organisation "for maintaining personal contact" between the Party and the community. Hitherto the organisation has consisted of members of the Party acting as Blockleiter (leaders of "cells") whose duty it was "to report immediately and in an unvarnished form to higher quarters the general wishes and opinions of the people and also its criticisms or approval of Government measures." In future these cells are to be extended to private houses, and cell leaders will be responsible for "contact" with the residents in a single house or a small group of houses. Moreover, these new cell leaders may be recruited from persons outside as well as within the Party. The circular remarks that in this way "every house with its occupants will become a form of functional unity (organizatorischer Einheit)." It is also obvious that the Government is at the same time providing itself in this organisation with a highly efficient instrument of domestic espionage at the beginning of what is likely to be a very severe winter of discontent.

* * *

I hear that a very curious movement is taking place in Southern India. Some time ago the Depressed Classes were advised by their leader, Ambedkar, to abandon Hinduism and join one of the other religions, Christianity or Mohammedanism, I presume as a protest against their treatment by the orthodox higher caste Hindus. His advice is being taken to quite a considerable extent, and a kind of mass conversion is taking place in some districts, large numbers of the Depressed Classes flocking into the Christian Church. The movement is causing concern among Hindus and particularly in the Congress Party, and some attempt is being made to counteract it. On the other hand, the movement is not without its embarrassments for the leaders of the Christian Church, for the origin of the conversions is economic and social rather than religious, and the prospect of millions of potential and largely nominal converts is a little alarming. Mass conversions are, however, no new thing in the East. I remember districts in Ceylon twenty years ago where all the fisher caste people were Christians and Catholics and all the others Buddhists. The explanation given was that the Portuguese in the eighteenth century never penetrated much inland, though there was a considerable occupation of the coast. There was a mass conversion of the fishers, and it must have been pretty efficacious, for their descendants in the twentieth century were still Catholics.

* * *

Anyone who has to do with the press knows what extraordinary reasons are given by readers for liking or disliking a particular paper. Here is an interesting example. A reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION recently remarked that he disliked the paper very much, particularly everything written by Mr. Kingsley Martin. He added that his chief reason for taking the paper was to read "Critic" in A London Diary. "Critic," he said, was excellent, the real brains in the paper, but he thought it must be very difficult for him to get what he wrote past the censorship of so stupid an editor. I presume that the explanation must be that Mr. Martin is another Jekyll and Hyde case, but would everyone agree that "Critic" is Jekyll and the editor Hyde?

* * *

Holidays are always journalistically silly seasons; monsters emerge from lakes or controversies upon points of taste burst into tongue. The Loch Ness monster having mysteriously withdrawn into private life, it is now the turn of the Velasquez portrait of Philip IV. Although the picture in its cleaned condition has been hanging on the walls of the National Gallery for almost six months, it was only just before Christmas that the public noticed it. Experts on both sides have now rushed into battle. Some say that the portrait has been ruined, since the beautiful skin, which was the triumph of

the artist's skill, has been flayed off. Others equally expert maintain that the beautiful skin was dirt deposited upon the picture by time. As the disputants seem to be all equally well qualified to decide and equally divided, the layman can only use his own eyes and hold his tongue. But the question —is it dirt or genius?—came to my mind the other day as I walked through a country village. When we admire the old farms and country houses of the eighteenth century—and England is still largely eighteenth century in the country—how far are we praising time and not the builders? Did country dwellers in the eighteenth century lament the erection of new houses as much as we do? Did they deplore the ruin of the countryside when they saw Elizabethan houses demolished in order to make room for Georgian? On the whole, judging from a vague memory of Defoe's *Tour* and Macaulay's *History*, I believe that until this age new buildings were always welcomed as a sign of civilisation (except by that old Philistine Cobbett). A fine new town was an object of congratulation. Macaulay, I seem to remember, devotes some of his most pompous prose to praise of handsome villas and well-paved streets which have risen on the coast of Devonshire. He had no doubt that a flourishing watering place was a far finer sight than an unspoilt bay, bare downs, and a few fishermen's cottages. But then Macaulay lived before the age of bungalows, and a fine house presumably implied for him the delights of hot water and indoor sanitation, delights to which we have grown accustomed. Nowadays it is only in Weymouth or the older parts of Brighton that we can see how a watering place may be as beautiful in one way as the country is in another. It is only in our own age that any bramble bush seems preferable to a building.

* * *

But one must refrain from scratching at that familiar spot —the red bungalow. Science, after all, has conferred some blessings, even of an aesthetic kind, upon our generation which, no doubt, some future Macaulay will celebrate—the monoplane, gliding at a great height, silent, pure silver, is one; then the swarm of lights of a town in the evening, the beam of cars travelling the country roads after dark, and certain factories which, because they appear to have been fashioned solely for use, have become, for that reason perhaps, beautiful into the bargain. As for that common topic, the hurry, stress, and fret in which we waste our lives, it is a fact, though not one to be spoken too loudly, that in a village not a hundred miles from London there are still in existence two able-bodied persons, without a grey hair on their heads, who have never been to London and have no wish to go there. In view of this, perhaps England, like the picture, is only coated over with the dirty varnish of modernity. Take a knife, scrape gently, and you may find that she is underneath much the same as she was in the time of Elizabeth.

* * *

I "tuned in" expecting to hear the news. Instead, by a happy accident of mistaking the wavelength, there came out of the skies the voice of Desmond MacCarthy reading aloud Swinburne's *Garden of Proserpine*. It was part of a new B.B.C. series in which well-known writers and critics read a selection from an English poet and intersperse the selection with brief comments. It was a pleasure to hear Swinburne once more treated as a great poet and read so admirably by Mr. MacCarthy. I belong to a generation for whom in youth Swinburne was the greatest of living writers and unquestionably a great poet. It was indeed like "seeing Shelley plain" when Swinburne once came into the barber's shop at Putney when I was having my hair cut. Undergraduates of that generation have been known to chant the *Garden of Proserpine* and

> Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
> How can thy heart be full of the spring?

at midnight in Trinity cloisters to the nightingales singing on the Backs. To-day in the "whirligig of taste," I understand, the poet has sunk to the level of Martin Tupper. Listening to the amazing sapphics and the other poems read by Desmond MacCarthy, I had the satisfaction—or delusion?—that our judgment was nearer the truth than that of to-day. There are so many obvious reasons, extraneous to art, why the ears of the younger generation cannot hear the poetry in Swinburne. But when time has at last performed its salutary task of destroying the accidents of temporary enthusiasms or temporary reactions Swinburne will, I believe, again take his place among the great English poets.

LEONARD WOOLF

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. W. Bennett.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Country on Side of Franco. Mr. P. Dunne, M.P. for Stalybridge and Hyde, told a *Daily Despatch* representative last night how he and four Conservative M.P. companions found the Franco-controlled part of Spain so quiet that it was "like travelling in England. . . . We met General Franco. I think he is a very nice man. He is a keen golfer, with a handicap of 2. He is received with great enthusiasm wherever he appears."—*Daily Despatch.*

There is something very homely and informal in the fact that the Lady Elizabeth should suddenly become Queen and Empress in the middle of an attack of 'flu.—*The Bulletin.*

I am not afraid to state my beliefs and I think we Salford people are the finest on God's earth.—The Mayor, Councillor P. Ashcroft, J.P.—*Salford City Reporter.*

Some have noted, and it is certainly not without significance, that on the very day that the film [*The Green Pastures*] was first shown to the public the Crystal Palace was burnt down.—*Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times.*

This year Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston have not sent out a photograph of their house in Cadogan-place with them on the balcony, as they did last year. Instead their card has a view of the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo.—*Daily Sketch.*

I bought 5*s.* of ½*d.* stamps and one had the ear and a line across the forehead in red. The next day I noticed the papers said the Duke of Windsor was having his ear attended to. It struck me as a queer coincidence.—Letter in *Daily Sketch.*

A FAILURE? OF COURSE IT IS

"Is education a failure?", asked Miss Agnes B. Muir, in her presidential address to the annual congress of the Educational Institute of Scotland. To this question the timid and half-hearted may be tempted to answer: "Yes and no." Those who, like myself, prefer bolder methods of grappling with problems will reply without hesitation: "Yes, of course it is."

No one has betrayed man's hopes to anything like the same extent as the schoolmaster. No one, that it, except the clergyman, the doctor, the statesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, the working-man, the psychologist, the freethinker, the inventor, and a number of other people whose names cannot be given since they would fill a whole page. We who may be described as ordinary human beings expected too much of all these people. Many of them were endowed with magic qualities, expecting them to save us without any effort of our own. We thought, for example, that if we trained hundreds of thousands of young men to be doctors, we should be able to eat what we liked, drink what we liked, and live as we liked, and that, when Nature began to threaten to exact her price for our follies, we could then be renovated and restored to the vigour of our youth by a magic potion from a bottle. After wasting millions of pounds on medical

schools, unfortunately, we find that Harley Street can help only those who help themselves. It can do a lot for us; it can change the fashionable disease from one year to another; but it cannot promise perpetual good digestion to those who defy the laws of digestion. Therefore, I conclude that medicine is a failure. The doctors have let us down.

There is nothing more evident in the history of the past or in the world about us than the universal fact of failure. Nothing that man has ever put his hand to has succeeded. All his inventions end in imperfection like that of a broken Greek statue. I do not mean to deny that he has invented and almost perfected many marvellous machines; but all his machines, from the printing-press to the aeroplane, have disappointed the greatest hopes that have gathered round them. The printing-press—was it not to spread truth and understanding among all classes of men and all peoples? Mighty was truth, and truth, we believed, would prevail, if only it could get printed. We did not realise that an enormous amount of printing could be done and yet very little truth be allowed to appear on paper—that the printing-press could be widely used to spread not the truth, but ignorance of the truth. Reading, it was thought, would enable men to think for themselves. It has turned out to be a means of preventing men from thinking for themselves. Many an honest European country must be cursing the memory of Caxton or Fust or whoever it was that first taught men how to print.

I am not a pessimist, but the history of inventions almost makes me one. Think of all the great expectations that were roused in generous breasts by the invention of quick methods of transport. Men were to be brought closer together; the world was to become one place with the help of the railway, the steamboat, and the flying ship. Shelley foresaw the salvation of the world as a result of the invention of the balloon. Yet all these inventions have resulted not so much in enabling men to get nearer each other as in enabling men to get at each other. Hopes that things would be otherwise were baseless. Or rather they were based on the fallacy that proximity is inevitably a cause of liking. Experience proves, of course, that proximity is a cause both of love and of hate. "The more we get together, the merrier we'll be," sang the Frothblowers. It would be equally true, if less poetic, to say: "The more we get together, the more we want to get at each other's throats."

In view of the failure of inventions to save mankind, it is odd now and then to hear a man of science attacking Christianity as though it were the outstanding failure of history. Christianity is undoubtedly a failure. How could it be anything else when once it fell into the hands of human beings? Human beings, those supreme devisers of failure, can be guaranteed to make a failure of any gift. There are those who say: "Christianity has not failed; it has never been tried." But that is a mere quibble. It has failed in the same sense in which everything else has failed, from the printing-press to the aeroplane. In other words, it has been used for all sorts of purposes that had very little to do with its highest purpose. In other words, the human race has failed—as usual.

It is all the more to the credit of the human race, it seems to me, that, in spite of its long record of almost uninterrupted failure, it goes hopefully on, believing that it has discovered the secret of success at last. Take the failure of education, for example. Once it was felt that one of the chief purposes of education was the building up of the mind and character through discipline. Latin declensions and algebra might seem fairly useless as a means of preparing the young for what on speech-days was called the battle of life, but at least they were supposed to have great disciplinary value. The youth whom they disciplined, unhappily, turned out to be very ordinary decent incompetent sinful human beings. Education, therefore, had failed, and it had failed presumably because it was bent upon disciplining the spirits of the young. From this it was only a step to the conclusion that the young should be released from discipline and allowed to stay away from classes, to use language once prohibited, to address their teachers as equals—not, as was so often the case in the Victorian school, as inferiors placed over them by a cruel destiny. Hence, a great new experiment has broken upon the world, full of radiant hope. Many quite intelligent people are sincerely convinced that now, after centuries of the failure of education, a new kind of education has been discovered that will not fail. I do not share these convictions. It seems to me that human beings have such a genius for failure that they can make anything fail.

That is why I find it difficult to bubble with enthusiasm over many of the modern experiments to redeem the world from the failures of the past. Consider, for example, the experiment in sexual freedom that is now advocated on many sides. Sex repression was tried for a good many centuries; it failed; it did not produce a race of perfect men and women. The inference drawn from this was that the world could be saved, or at least greatly improved, by what may be called, for want of a better phrase, sexual liberty. (There is, of course, no such thing.) So far as I can see, however, there is no evidence that human beings will even be happier under the new code than under the old. Egotism will always make men miserable, and it is as easy to be an egotist in 1937 as it was in 1887. It is on our egotism that all the experiments for perfection are ultimately broken. The truth is, everything is a failure and will always be a failure till we do something about it—what, I do not know.

Not that I wish to cast a shadow of pessimism over the New Year. As a matter of fact, there are worse things than living in a world foredoomed to failure. There are so many incidental successes that seem all the brighter by contrast. We realise this when we consider cookery, which has certainly been a titanic failure over the greater part of the earth's surface. Cookery has failed to give us health; it has failed to give pleasure to our palates. What a recompense of delight do we obtain, however, when we taste a perfect salmon fresh from the river, or a perfectly cooked grouse? If cookery were always perfect, should we not ultimately cease to enjoy eating? Fortunately, we live in a world in which it is possible to rejoice over a potato perfectly boiled, over a cup of coffee perfectly made, as the woman rejoiced over the recovery of her lost sixpence. There is no end to the pleasures of living surrounded by imperfect things. How lucky for us it is even that poetry is on the whole a failure! If all the poetry that is written were good, we should have no time to read it. Even if all Wordsworth were good, we should scarcely have time to read him. How much better the "Ode" and "The Highland Reaper" seem for their setting of maundering! We should congratulate ourselves, it seems to me, on the fact that Shakespeare himself, like Christianity, education, and marriage, is a failure.

As for education, I admire its struggles towards perfection, and I realise that it must go on struggling, but I see no likelihood of its achieving it. I enjoyed life at my own school, and I enjoyed it in the classes in which I was badly taught as much almost as in the classes in which I was well taught. The chief function of a school, to my mind, is to be a boys' club, and, if it is a good boys' club, or rather a good club for boys, it does not matter very much whether, from an Olympian point of view, education is a failure or not. After all, everything is a failure, from statesmanship to motor driving, and we may as well get used to the fact in our teens. Y. Y.

DO BEGGING LETTERS PAY?

MANY readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will have noticed that in a recent legal action the disclosure was made that out of every pound collected in a certain manner only eleven shillings went to the charity concerned, the remainder being swallowed up by expenses and intermediate profit. Commenting upon this the Lord Chief Justice said "Perhaps after this case members of the Bar who drop their

pound notes into collection boxes will ask how much actually is going to charity."

The same pertinent question has occurred to me in connection with the numerous charitable appeals which I receive through the post, and with a view to throwing some light on this subject I have kept all those which have been addressed to me during the ten weeks prior to Christmas. As a preliminary, let me state that I am not a Lord Nuffield nor does my name appear in many subscription lists. There is no reason to believe that my case is different from that of most others whose names appear in the telephone directory.

The number of direct appeals I received during the ten weeks referred to is exactly thirty-one. I am not criticising any of the charities themselves, most of which are probably very meritorious; the question I desire to raise is whether indiscriminate circularising of this nature is a business proposition so far as the charities are concerned. The profitableness of this method to paper manufacturers, printers, envelope addressers, the Post Office and makers of waste-paper baskets is not disputed.

The first example in my collection is a fourteen-page booklet on good glazed paper with corresponding envelope (1½*d.* stamp) containing a portrait of "His Lordship the Bishop of Pella" and a report from the "Chief Grand Dame," in which I am asked to subscribe to the Dames of St. Joan's Bureau and Emergency Hostel. A Marchioness sends me (postage 1½*d.*) the season's greetings and twelve sheets of specially printed seals, for which I am invited to remit eight shillings. A mere Knight (1½*d.* stamp and enclosure envelope) asks me to send something for an Orphan School.

A well-printed folder with holly decoration and other small enclosures invites me to send the Rt. Hon. Sir ——, P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., a contribution to a Service charity. A benevolent-looking Father Christmas requests me to send something to the St. Giles Christian Mission and Wheatley's Homes, which I nearly did, in recognition of the originality of an appeal by a commoner; and so it goes on, an occasional coronet sparkling here and there on the back of an envelope. A pleasing change is provided by an appeal from the London Mendicity Society, and in view of their statement that "we undertake to investigate appeals, whether from individuals or institutions," I am wondering whether I might not refer to them the whole of these begging letters.

I mention in passing, without unkindly naming it, one hospital which sends me an unstamped letter and causes me to contribute 3*d.* to the Post Office Revenue. A more subtle form of approach than most is that of a beautifully printed invitation card, requesting the pleasure of my company at the opening, by an exalted personage, of the new wing of a hospital, with a note, however, that "this card will not admit," and an indication that the Chairman would like to receive my acceptance. A noble Lord sends me a puzzle game which must have cost at least sixpence, including postage, and asks me to remit 2*s.* 6*d.*, a device to make me feel uncomfortable. A bulky envelope containing a mass of literature, including a twelve-page pamphlet, headed "Spain under the Red Terror," comes from the Earl of Malmesbury on behalf of the Anti-Socialist and Anti-Communist Union, the tone of which, however, suggests that the appeal is not exactly charitable.

Are we really such a nation of snobs that we are more likely to subscribe to charity when we think we shall receive an acknowledgment, signed, bearing the signature (by rubber stamp) of a titled person?

Included among the patrons and committees of many of these charities are some business men. Has it ever occurred to them to investigate this overdone and antiquated method of appeal? Do they insist upon an audited statement showing receipts as compared with expenditure? Mining propositions are not unknown to company promoters, which are genuine inasmuch as they contain gold, but where it costs 21 shillings or more to extract one pound's worth of the yellow metal. If an investigation as suggested were made and the results published, it is possible that the small percentage of people who do respond to these postal appeals might receive a shock, even though they might also discover some charities which have long abandoned random appeals and reduced their expense ratio to a minimum by the intelligent selection of likely subscribers. Even at that how much more economical and businesslike is the American Community Chest idea, or the Central Civic Fund as practised in Welwyn Garden City, where the charitable make one annual collective contribution, which is spread over all the town's charities or allocated to any special branches, according to the desire of the subscriber.

A. EMIL DAVIES

THE LOST DISCORD

[To rather sacred music.]

"It has been painfully clear that their (the Labour Party's) differences with irresponsible sections of their own supporters have been far more serious than their differences with the Government."—Home Secretary at the Carlton Club (The Times, November 30th).

LEADING the choir in the Commons
As the Old Year ebbs apace,
The Baldwin tenor is deepened
By the boom of the Attlee bass;
It swells the Government Anthem,
'Mid joy-peals from Big Ben,
And the Opposition passes
To the sound of a great Amen!

It soars in a vast crescendo
Which no class strife allows
As the Carlton Club sings seconds
To pickets from Transport House;
Resolving Party discords,
It sounds that Reds may know
That Britain's Labour Party
Is twice as white as snow!

It breathes o'er the Special Areas
Like a promissory psalm,
It fills Rolls-Royce and Vickers
With infinite joy and calm,
It falls like the kiss of the angels
Rude discontent to stem,
And bridges the Past and the Future
With the sound of a great Ahem!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE KING AND THE ARCHBISHOP

SIR,—My letter, which began with Bishop Blunt, has provoked a discussion on:

(*a*) The private lives of Henry VIII and George IV.
(*b*) The intricacies of English political history of the sixteenth century.
(*c*) The status of the Church of England before A.D. 597.
(*d*) The opinions and authority of the Industrial Christian Fellowship.
(*e*) The writings of Comrades Fanfani, Troelsch and Niebuhr.
(*f*) The unspeakable Scot.

Needless to say, bearing your convenience and my own ignorance in mind, I do not propose to reply, except to assure the Rev. N. F. Hulbert that I once heard Scott Holland preach, have read and seen *Candida*, am a friend of Mr. Reckitt's, and, in short, know all about the Church of England's Left Wings. Also to Mr. Goldring I would suggest that, whatever the nastiness and villainy of my Scottish fellow-nationals, one of them did write *Holy Willie's Prayer*, a brief work of particular relevance at the present moment and much to be recommended to English as well as Scottish divines for quiet Sunday reading.

My original point has, of course, been mainly overlooked. I said that the Archbishop of Canterbury's triumphant dismissal

of the Duke of Windsor was also a victory for Church morals in general and that, when the Duke was gone, the victory would remain and would probably be utilised to stir up feeling against such humane causes as divorce reform and public instruction in birth control.

Since then the Archbishop of Canterbury has solemnly addressed the listening nation. His sermon "on the air" was airy indeed: the vaguest generalisations about piety were discharged. Apart from a "Use More Prayer" appeal he mentioned only two specific problems of conduct. He spoke of Russia as a poisoned and poisoning community and bade us be vigilant against allowing the infection to enter here and he regretted "the loosening of the ties of marriage" and deplored the inadequate restraints on "the impulse of sex." The Archbishops would call the nation back to Christianity with a couple of negatives. We are to hate Russia rather more and love women rather less. Can he really suppose that this sort of thing will bring youth flocking to matins and to evensong? In so far as the Church of England has followed up its victory over the Duke of Windsor, it has fulfilled my mournful opinion that the Church has little power to create but is still strong enough to oppose and to repress, and that "the craving for private happiness," which the Archbishop so much deplored in the late King, will now be generally attacked in the interests of theological instead of rational morality.

IVOR BROWN

SIR,—Like many others, I have been following with considerable interest the recent pronouncements of church dignitaries and particularly those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and like many others I have felt that these would-be spiritual leaders are in fact blind leaders.

In every controversy it is a good thing to determine first of all what, if any, are the points of agreement, and I do agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury that in some quarters there has been a dangerous drift towards aimlessness and general cynicism, an empty search for continual excitement which never satisfies. The Archbishop may describe it in different terms because he concentrates on another aspect, namely, that this tendency is a breaking away from the standards and conventions of the past: but he is concerned with the same thing.

What I cannot agree with is the Archbishop's remedy. It seems to me that in the long run this would be more disastrous than the sickness for which it claims so unctuously to be a cure. What this remedy amounts to is a return to the conventions with which the people whom he criticises have broken because they found them empty and insincere. The Church, for instance, insists on the continuance of an entirely loveless union between two married people even though both parties can find genuine happiness elsewhere. The Church has failed to perceive that the slackening of the marriage ties to-day, though frequently abused, has behind it precisely that ideal of a truly intimate relationship between two people which the Church pretended always to establish by marriage, but too often only pretends.

It appears that the Church is doomed always to look to the letter and not to the spirit. It should follow the advice so freely given by its leaders to others and study more closely the practice, not of its founder—for He did not found any church—but of its teacher.

A. H. HANNAY

18 Kensington Park Road, W.11.

SIR,—As a foreigner intensely interested in English affairs, political or otherwise, I should like to let you know the impressions the King's abdication produced on me as well as on quite a number of other Swiss people not absolutely hide-bound. I may tell you that no topic, not even the trial of Frankfurter, who last February shot the German Nazi leader in Switzerland, was so much discussed by Swiss men and women as the course of events which led up to the abdication.

I, like all the Swiss who have lived for some time in England, knew that there still exists a great mass of English people strongly influenced by the puritan tradition of all kinds of churches, from the Nonconformist to the most high church section of the Church of England. But still I knew, too, that at least the same number of English people had, under the influence of modern writers like Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, and others, acquired other standards of conduct. For these people it must seem an anachronism that the King should not have been allowed to marry a divorced woman when everybody else could have done so with the possible exception of members of the clergy.

Edward VIII was even very popular here in Switzerland for his democratic behaviour and for his modern outlook. So far as I know he also was a man of great charm, a quality one does not often find in kings or other rulers. I know that his abdication was much regretted for the above-named reasons by the majority of Swiss people, and not a few friends of mine were quite moved by his last speech on the wireless. (The speech could be heard on most continental stations except the German ones.) Only a few reactionary newspapers like the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (which styles itself "liberal") took sides with Mr. Baldwin. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* had even the bad taste and the impertinence to compare Edward VIII to the Roman emperor Nero, and its words suggested the idea that he should have merited the same violent end as that insane ruler. It accused the King even of a character akin to that of Shylock. But for all progressives he was the only monarch worth his place.

The Mrs. Grundies and other reactionaries have got their victory, but let us hope that it was a Pyrrhic victory, and that with the coming to power of the younger generations England may be freed from its baneful inheritance of narrow-minded puritanism.

JOHN GRAF

Zurich, Switzerland.

THE DIVORCE BILL

SIR,—In your last issue reference was made to the absence of "mutual consent" as a ground for divorce in the Marriage Bill now before the House of Commons. The objection to the inclusion of such a provision is regarded as coming from ecclesiastical quarters.

Now it is an indisputable fact that the Church has many times been opposed to much-needed reform. It is declared that the opposition of the Church to "divorce by consent" is based upon the authority of Scripture and precisely upon the words of Jesus Christ. But what do these words indicate? Certainly not the promulgation of a law as the ecclesiastics would appear to believe, but rather the proclamation of an ideal to be striven after by Christian men and women. And it is somewhat surprising that those who are supposed to understand the meaning of Divine writ should desire to interpret it in the letter and not in the spirit. In the proclamation of the ideal Jesus did not abrogate the law of Moses concerning divorce. He permitted it to remain though he desired to raise human conduct in the matter of marriage to a higher level—not by coercion which is the method of the Church and State—but by the free consent of the individual. And, in fact, the observance of Christ's ideal upon which the marriage laws are professed to be based, has no real meaning without the free consent of the parties concerned to continue in the bond of marriage.

There are, however, circumstances which make the continuance of this free consent difficult and sometimes impossible. And one of the most important of these circumstances not mentioned in the Bill is "incompatibility of temper." It may be imagined that it is because ecclesiastics and guardians of the law fail to understand the grave conditions which may accompany such a state of things in marriage that they refuse to include divorce by mutual consent in any measure of reform. But if any Christian institution is to be regarded as inviolable, this can only be so as it contributes to the well-being of the individual. So with marriage. Yet there are evidently cases of incompatibility of temper where the preservation of the marriage tie does not minister to the well-being of the individuals concerned. The partners to the contract have discovered that they are not suitably mated. The result may be a cat-and-dog life, loss of all self-respect, nervous diseases, and, worst of all, the perversion and misuse of the sex life. The purpose of marriage in all respects remains unfulfilled.

In face of this it is fair to ask whether the Church or anyone else can reasonably think that it is the will of God that under such conditions the marriage vow should remain inviolate when it is accompanied by absolute misery and the negation of all that is best in life? Are ecclesiastics and politicians satisfied that certain unfortunate men and women shall be condemned to a life of mental torture and of frustration simply because we refuse to revise our estimate of the value of certain religious sanctions based upon past tradition, but decidedly contrary to the mind of God? A religion that can find no extenuation for such cases that have been mentioned is scarcely in a position to receive the respect due to its institutions and authority that it demands. But it may be said quite definitely that it is not the Christian faith that is in the wrong. It is those who interpret that faith who have erred. Surely in the twentieth century we need a more

enlightened and sympathetic approach to the principles laid down by Jesus Christ in their application to the social problems of the hour.

WILLIAM BENNETT

The Manse, Wells, Somerset.

THE RAW MATERIALS OF WAR

SIR,—Reports from Germany show that that country is being made to live under what are practically war-time conditions of privation in order to arm more rapidly. At the same time the demand for the return of the former German colonies is being pressed, for reasons of prestige, expansion, and access to raw materials. In view of the intense preparations for war, it seems probable that the raw material that the Nazi leaders really want is black and human: a large population of blacks who can be drilled and trained like the Eritreans and the Moors and imported into Europe to use against Czechs, Russians, French and English as may be required. Let us resolve not to allow them to obtain the one form of munitions of which we can deprive them.

And then let us consider, as individuals, whether we cannot make German rearmament more difficult and more unpopular in Germany. Let us remember how, before the abolition of the slave trade, a great number of humane men and women gave up taking sugar in their tea and wearing cotton because they felt it inconsistent with their opinions to use the products of slave labour. I should like to urge everyone in England and France to adopt the same principle of private boycott to all goods coming from Germany, Italy and Japan, countries which are rapidly preparing for war while they reject the principles of non-aggression embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The governments of these countries are extremely anxious to obtain foreign currency in order to buy materials for war which they cannot produce for themselves, e.g., nickel and rubber. Every bottle of hock or chianti that we drink is helping to provide the arms which are being used to slaughter the Spanish people to-day, or which are likely to be used against the Czechs, the Russians, the French and ourselves in the near future. On the other hand, every bottle of burgundy we drink makes a Fascist conspiracy more improbable in France and France herself more dangerous to attack. Before buying anything of German, Italian or Japanese origin we should say to ourselves: the money I am spending on this object will be used in aggressive warfare against inoffensive people and may be used against my own family very soon. Even if such elementary reasoning should prove wrong and the war in Spain not spread, to buy goods from the Fascist countries is to assist to bolster up their governments while boycotting their goods is the surest way of weakening them. Let no one think that the effect of buying a German roll of films, a pound of Italian salami, or a Japanese toy, is too negligible to count. The menacing armaments of these countries are only possible on their present scale because millions of people who strenuously object to them suffer from that illusion. If, for example, all who signed the peace pledge were to boycott Fascist goods, it would have an immense material effect. And it seems obvious that those who agree that this country should rearm because of the menace of German armaments, ought to do everything in their power to prevent Germany from arming even more than she is.

Hilton Hall, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.

DAVID GARNETT

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER

SIR,—Recent events on the N.W. Frontier of India will, I hope, have shown the futility of Lord Londonderry's "saving of bombing for the British Empire" at the Disarmament Conference.

In spite of the presence of R.A.F. detachments at Peshawar, Konal and Miramshah, the only effective action possible against unruly tribesmen appears to have been (as usual) by means of unwieldy columns of infantry and artillery.

In the process, valuable British and Indian lives have again been lost, and no one in England seems to worry. First it was the Abdication, then it was Christmas: next time it will be something else that distracts what little attention is given to these matters.

Doubtless this suits our present leaders, who have no real policy for the Frontier-across-the-Indus any more than they have for the Frontier-on-the-Rhine. Making roads alone does not civilise a tribal area any more than the donation of a munificent gift permanently remedies the evils of a depressed area.

If we will not go forward and cannot go back, it would surely be better to make and declare a strongly protected frontier, a miniature Maginot line, along the administrative border of the N.W. Frontier Province—and try to persuade the Afghans to do the same on their side of the Durand Line.

The tribesmen could and would then decide—sooner or later—whether trade and "civilisation" were worth while or not.

If their decision were pro-civilisation their bona fides could be tested by making the acceptance of the Indian Penal Code (or its Afghan equivalent) by the tribesmen an essential preliminary of the subsidised development of any part of their territory. At present subsidies, euphemistically called "allowances," are paid without this condition.

If the tribesmen were undecided, or against the benefits of our "civilisation," no harm would be done—and the lives of the frontier troops would be reasonably secure, which is more than they are at present.

The R.A.F. could then keep their bombs for use in more cultured parts of the earth—where, incidentally, their political significance would be more accurately appreciated than it appears to be by Pathans who have not had the benefits of Western education.

TRANS-INDUS

SOVIET TRIALS

SIR,—It is amazing what a mess people get themselves into when they try to explain the "Moscow confessions" by any cause other than the guilt of the accused.

Leonard Woolf now joins the throng. A ray of light falls upon him. "Much which has puzzled me" becomes clear. The Moscow trial is a witch trial. Trotsky is a new name for the Devil. Just as drooling old ladies imagined themselves to have had intercourse with Satan at the Sabbath, when it was popular to believe this possible, so again the current "popular delusion" is now "so powerful" that these veteran revolutionaries had "induced" in them "the hallucination of guilt." And this Mr. Woolf regards as more plausible than an error in recollection of the name of an hotel!

It is not apparent on this assumption what use to the accused could have been the foreign lawyers Adler suggested in his telegram might serve their interests better than the Soviet lawyers whose services they declined. Messrs. Adler and Woolf should have sent them doctors. And we should have been edified by the spectacle of *tête-à-tête* sessions in the cell: "But Mr. Kamenev (or Zinoviev or Smirnov or *al*), for the one-hundredth time, you know you *must* be mistaken. You *couldn't* have plotted terrorism, you know, or had a letter from Trotsky. Because it's as physically impossible for people like you to be terrorists as it would be to have intercourse with the Devil, and Trotsky doesn't exist, really, he's only a figment of the imagination like Satan in the Middle Ages. Come, let us try to remember what did, actually, happen, and then you'll begin to understand. Talk to me quite freely. Now—when you were a child. . . ." Following which the doctors would report to a waiting Soviet court and people: "The patient is going on very nicely, thank you. At present he's a bit stubborn and still believes he did it, but give us another six months or so and we'll have him cured."

IVOR MONTAGU

THE FAMILY IN RUSSIA

SIR,—In your issue of December 26th, Leonard Woolf in "A London Diary," makes the statement that "socialist principles are leading the rulers of the Soviet Republic to the moral code and laws regarding the family and sexual intercourse which were characteristic of the most bourgeois period in history, Victorian England."

Taking even the most superficial view, I for one fail to see the resemblance. Surely the protection of the family in Victorian England referred mainly to the bourgeois family and to the bolstering up of the authority of the father of the family. The mother was respected as a married woman, but not considered equal in importance to the father. I fail to remember anything in the "protection" of the family in Victorian England which included financial assistance given to women in childbirth, whether the woman was married or not. Many Hetty Sorrels of Victorian England would have avoided their tragic fate if assured by the State of financial assistance and if they hadn't forfeited the "respect" of society.

I was born in Russia at the tail-end of the Victorian era in a respectable British family. I was brought up on Victorian literature: I went to school in Moscow: Russian is as familiar to

me as English. I spent the summer of 1934 in the Soviet Union after an absence of 17 years. I can assure your readers that protection of the family in the Soviet Union is something totally different from the "protection of the family" in Victorian England.

In this connection, it may have escaped Mr. Woolf's notice that the families protected in the Soviet Union (by such trifles as economic equality for men and women, maternity allowances, abolition of unemployment, etc.) are the families of the whole people, Tartar and Uzbek no less than Russian. Victorian England gave limited protection to the families of the rich at the expense of thousands of workers' families—and relative protection to British families at the expense of millions of families in the colonies.

20 rue Sturm, Geneva. EDITH LUNN (Rothstein)

BROADTAIL AND ERMINE

SIR,—Major Van der Byl describes revolting cruelty to Karakul sheep in certain parts of Russia and Asia in his letter to you published December 12th.

In 1934 I visited some of the research institutes of animal husbandry in Russia, and also saw several flocks of Karakul sheep, although I did not actually visit the chief breeding centres.

I was much impressed by the high standard of skill in animal husbandry and the humane treatment of farm animals generally, although conditions were often primitive. In some respects the handling of stock was better than in this country.

This favourable impression alone would make me doubt the accuracy of Major Van der Byl's informant, but I was also specifically told by one of the research staff that stories of maltreatment of Karakul sheep had been deliberately fostered by trade rivals and were in fact baseless. He gave several reasons, other than humanitarian, to support his claim. Since the information was given me two years ago my memory may be faulty, but I believe the following to be correct. Artificial abortion is not practised because the difference in price between the foetal and newly born lamb is not sufficient to compensate for the injury and risk of death of the mother. Secondly, a large number of females and a small number of males are required annually to carry on the flock.

In order to improve or even maintain the standard of the flock, these must be carefully selected. If lambs are killed before birth, this selection cannot be made. A lamb with a really valuable skin is worth much more for breeding purposes than for slaughter.

Lastly, from internal evidence, the information supplied to Major Van der Byl savours more of "manufactured atrocity" than fact. Although I have some knowledge of the causes of abortion, I am not aware that beating sheep will produce it at will. I think it unlikely. Why should iron rods be specified if not just to "make our flesh creep"? And finally, if a lamb were produced by this treatment, it is extremely likely that it would be dead. How, then, could it be skinned alive?

School of Agriculture, ARTHUR WALTON
Cambridge University.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, it seems hardly necessary for me to say that I always make the fullest possible inquiries before giving publicity to any particular acts of cruelty. The Anti-Steel-Trap League of America, with whom I am co-operating, have now removed Broadtail from their White List of humane furs, after making their own inquiries. I also understand that our own R.S.P.C.A. are not recommending any lamb skins from India.

As regards Ermine, this is undoubtedly one of the cruellest of the trapped furs. I find that my distribution of Fur Crusade leaflets with White List of humane furs now averages 1,500 each week.

C. VAN DER BYL (MAJOR),
The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign.

Wappenham,
Towcester, Northants.

"JAMAICA"

SIR,—I am sorry that the heat of Lord Olivier's displeasure should make him displace quotation marks. Of the words, at least one of which he misquotes, in the second paragraph of his letter I attributed to him only two: on p. 81 of his book he concedes that "painstaking students" might extract something from stipendiary magistrates' reports and other unpublished official files—adding a footnote, "Parliamentary papers, C.O. papers in the Record office." This vagueness is unfortunately characteristic of his references to such important sources. Had I understood that the book claimed to cover the whole field of social and economic history I should have felt it my duty as a reviewer to be more severely critical. As it is, to deal fully with other points in his letter can only divert attention from what is of value and importance in his study of a special aspect of Jamaican social history

Elmhurst, Penn, W. M. MACMILLAN
High Wycombe.

ANTHROPOLOGY AT HOME

SIR,—Mr. Geoffrey Pyke suggested in your columns the other week that the constitutional crisis had begun to produce material for an anthropology of our own people.

Some days before the precipitation of the crisis, a group was formed for precisely this purpose. English anthropology, however, hitherto identified with "folk-lore," has to deal with elements so repressed that only what is admitted to be a first-class upheaval brings them to the surface. Such was the threatened marriage of the new "Father-of-the-people" to Mrs. Ernest Simpson. Fieldwork, i.e., the collection of evidence of mass wish-situations, has otherwise to proceed in a far more roundabout way than the anthropologist has been accustomed to in Africa or Australia. Clues to these situations may turn up in the popular phenomenon of the "coincidence." In fact it is probable that in the ultra-repressed condition of our society they can only materialise in this form, so mysterious in appearance. But the "mystery" is part of the mechanism of repression. It can be reduced scientifically into the constituent terms of the hidden wish, and referred back to the accepted principles of anthropology. These principles and those of psycho-analysis, and the sciences dealing with the behaviour of man, have been applied by the group to the Crystal Palace-Abdication symbolic situation.

The real observers in this case were the millions of people who were, for once, irretrievably involved in the public events. Only mass observations can create mass science. The group for whom I write is engaged in establishing observation points on as widely extended a front as can at present be organised. We invite the co-operation of voluntary observers, and will provide detailed information to anyone who wants to take part. CHARLES MADGE

6 Grotes Buildings, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Miscellany

COCONUT MOON

A PHILOSOPHY OF CANNIBALISM, IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

WHERE is Hog Harbour? The blackboard to my hand
slide on. For I have a brother, a black hard brother,
away in the jungles where no white bibbler ever goes.

Stamping, stamping it, stamp, oh lift now
the shapely charger of your two black feet
hand down and up, hurt spear, now stamp,
Stamp
and in the last thick *stacat* remember how
small rushes warm black blood,
(rushes that cut the hand). The small spear
gathers its way.
Oh gather together the terrible relic of our hate of our Heren
enemies.

Lift
Lift curled head for your fury
For the longing to kill, for the quivering shudder of death in
a chief
Circle the fire. Men hurling to rush,
Men stamp, retreat again.
Drum drumming drums drumming drunken
As the women shuffle and stomp; lift, one two, small feet,
slither in slots.
While the darkness wides the firelight swells

Long spear lengthens, sweat pours down to the sea from those dark faces—
ebony people shining naked by the firelight of a wooden fire.
Midnight drops on to earth
held glistening on the backs of the fearful bodies daubed against the dark
Take it, fathers, it is our war, take us into your dead hands where you sit in your spirit trees;
Take our burned offerings and our sweating bodies while we stamp our belief into coral, into tetanus earth.

For we will dance and the feeling now beyond understanding, only you and the whirling rush stamp the fire, women shuffle beyond if we die we have none—ghosts on a tree
but now kill pigs, we will kill you any fine pigs, fine tusks, we will feast on you as lie on our women
until we fight.

The pigs tethered straining in a hut by the firelight,
shoulder off the midnight and murmur to each other ....
"Why? we aren't real pigs.
Why can't they kill the others? We
can't breed, we're intersex.
Rawa, runedh, selet, ghorghor, ghara, narsogh, ra,
we are pigs with funny somethings
And they treasure us to die."
But a wise old rasa said: "When your tusks are as long as mine are,
and have grown in a circle so that it hurts, you'll be glad to leave
a land where black devils knock your top teeth out and scratch your back."
And a childish pig whistled; "We are the intersex
The aimless useful intersex
Sitting sexless in a mudbath in the sun.
When a Sakau wants to die,
Fight, be chief, marry, or why
It's an intersex whose neck is for the fun."

See them, moving about their business
Correct in dark uniform of a titled cad.
Straight bodies defy correction, hair
Like great freckles, curly for fingers to catch.
After day sit in long houses
Taboo for women, long and muddy,
A few sticks, a hole full fired, tusks and (creeping in)
First European talisman—a knife or tin.

There, in the long days of the year or wetness, they talk of Dhingaru or about pigs and pudding
While out in the gardens the women work gathering
Yams for the day in the very hot sun—
until rhythm again, on the pounding stakes beating the yam, crushing into the yam,
utterly routing the yam into yam pudding
with coconut oil all squeezed over it; equals "laplap."
All the time the children eat and are loved;
though a kind yellow Presbyterian told me they kill 'em all,
heathen, infanticide, cannibals, copulation.
"That's all they live for, Sex," he said (wriggleskin)
—but stomachs receive attention
and they do think: they *are*
My word
It's excellent to be an ARE
Just spit and sit and be
Look, gaze at the flies, snip at fleas, pick out the lice and am.
Occasionally look at the non-existent map
and will. But will is humour,
and suddenly evening, or a joke,
Up. Splash bang wetherty-pop, in one dark explosion of movement.
Where was: is. Jumping cannibals.
Racing about like idiots in tree tops,
Running on leaf roofs, chase pigs,
shoot arrows at nothing, so nuts on
Action—until hookworm reclaims the kingship of ecstatic laziness.

The coconut moon slides with a dancing smile
Over the parapet filtered between long fingers
frond on the palm trees strong against the breeze.
The crazy breakers roll across the bay
and inches by millimetre the footprint
tracks its toelost way across the daylight into death
—a meeting place for brothers black and white.
The starfish blue
are clocks in spikes.

T. H. HARRISSON

EVER SUCH A NICE BOY

You want to know how I first met Freddy? Oh, it's quite a long story. No, we don't come from the same place at all. You see my home's near Gloucester. I was in service there with Major and Mrs. Trumbull-Dykes. Mrs. Dykes was ever such a nice lady, she was just like a mother to me and writes to me every Christmas, not that I haven't got a real mother, because of course I have, and she's always been good to me too, I couldn't wish for a better. Well, the Major used to suffer from rheumatism something terrible, he was always carrying on and saying the house was damp, though it was as dry as a biscuit. He wouldn't rest but they must move to Devonshire, nagging away all the time.

Well of course Mrs. Dykes wanted me to go with them, but I didn't like the idea seeing that I hadn't never been more than a few miles away from home. It was Mum that persuaded me. "You've got a good home with them," she said, "you'd better go with them." Of course, most of the things was sent off by train, and we was to follow by car, but there was a lot of luggage all the same, just like gipsies we were, all packed in with a kettle and I don't know what else. Of course, I hadn't never driven so far before and the Major drove ever so fast and it quite turned me up, what with the bumps in the road. "Stop, Gilbert," said Mrs. Dykes, "Edith wants to be sick." "I don't *want* to be," I said, "I've *got* to be." Oh, I *was* ashamed. "Never mind, Edith," said Mrs. Dykes, "you'll feel better now." "You'll never make a sailor, Edith," said the Major. Oh, if I was on the sea I think I'd die.

Of course, it was ever such a nice house that they had, just outside Paignton, everything easy to keep clean and the kitchen all white. The reason I didn't want to go away was I was afraid I would be homesick. It's funny, isn't it, when you get homesick? You see, I was only a kid and me never having been away from home before I just cried and cried. "Why, Edith," said Mrs. Dykes, "whatever's the matter? You're not homesick, are you? Aren't you happy with us?" And, of course, when she spoke to me so gentle that just made me cry all the more. "If you're so unhappy," she said, "maybe it would be better for you to go home at the end of the month."

Mind you, the Major was always a worry to her, you never knew what he'd be getting up to. I don't believe there was nothing between them and hadn't been for a long time, though I dare say the Major wished there was, so of course they always had separate bedrooms. Well, one afternoon about tea-time, yes, it must have been about tea-time because I was making the toast, the Major must always have his hot buttered toast for tea, there I was making the toast and the Major come into the kitchen. Of course, I didn't take no notice until he came up and caught hold of me. I asked him to let go and stop his games, but he wouldn't, so I hit at his hands with the toasting-fork to make him leave go of me. He had ever such big veins in his hands, they stood right out. "Oh, you little vixen! You little spitfire!" he said. "Well, you had no call to lay hands on me," I said, "whatever would Mrs

Dykes say?" And as he wouldn't stop his tricks I said, "Give over, will you!" and hit him again over the knuckles with the toasting-fork. "Damn it, damn it," he said, and then he run out. Just as I was getting tea ready to take into the drawing-room Mrs. Dykes come in, she'd been out shopping, and "Oh, Edith," she said, "I'll just take the Major's tea up to him. He's ever so upset," she said, "he's hurt his hands something dreadful, he's resting in his room. He caught them in the mowing machine and they're all swollen up." Of course I didn't say anything, but you should have seen the state his hands were in. Of course, I didn't mean to hurt him like that, but it was his own fault in a way, wasn't it?

My homesickness didn't get any better. I seemed to be always moping, so Mrs. Dykes said I'd better go home at the end of the month. Well, only a couple of days before the end of the month I was cleaning the windows. It was a lovely morning and when I was doing the window of the spare room I couldn't help noticing that there was a boy painting the roof of a shed in the garden next door, and when I was looking at him he looked up and saw me and he grinned and waved his hand. That's ever such a nice boy, I thought. Of course it was Freddy, though I didn't know at the time. I was ever so pleased. I didn't like to be too forward, but I waved back at him. Then I run downstairs to Mrs. Dykes and I asked her if I could stay with her instead of going home at the end of the month. "Why, Edith, of course we should be very pleased," she said, "but whatever's made you change your mind so sudden?" Well, I knew I could tell her everything, so I said "I've just seen ever such a nice boy painting the roof of the shed next door, and he waved to me while I was doing the spare room window." With that she run upstairs with me and looked out and when Freddy saw two of us he didn't know what to think. "Yes, Edith," said Mrs. Dykes, "you're quite right, he *is* a nice boy." So I didn't go away at the end of the month, and I just waited, hoping I'd see him again. I'd forgotten all about being homesick.

Next thing a note come to the house, addressed to "Miss Edith." Just like that, "Miss Edith." Of course it was from Freddy, asking me if I would meet him at the corner on my evening out so that we could go to the pictures. Oh, I *was* excited. I run and showed it to Mrs. Dykes and "Of course, Edith," she said, "you'll have to go, but I wish we knew something about him. Isn't there anybody we could ask?" Well, next time the butcher's boy come round I said, "Do you know anything about a fellow round here called Fred Carter?" "Fred Carter?" he said. "No, I can't say I do. What sort of work does he do?" "I believe he's something in the building line," I said. "The only Fred I can think of," he said, "who's in the building line is Fred Baines, him that was painting that shed next door." "And what sort of a fellow is he?" I said. "Oh, he's all right," he said, "but what do *you* want to know for? Has he been round here after you?" "Don't be so nosey," I said, but what I couldn't make out was if his name was Baines why did he call himself Carter, but it turned out that his stepfather's name was Baines so everybody used to call him Baines's boy though his name was really Carter.

So off I went to meet him, and "Do be careful, Edith," said Mrs. Dykes, "don't let him take no liberties," she said, "until you're sure of him." Oh, and do you know, he was *late*. Oh, I was that worried I could have cried, I thought he was just making game of me. Oh, I *was* upset, I thought I'd have done better to go back home after all. But just then he come up, all smiles, and we went off to the pictures, and we did have a lovely time. Of course after that everything was all right, but Mrs. Dykes said he must come to the house so she could see him for herself, and of course everybody liked him, you know how it is, people always do seem to take to Freddy, and after that he was always coming round, every night he used to come round, Mrs. Dykes was ever so kind, and the Major liked him too.

Then one evening, late it was, Mrs. Dykes come running down to the kitchen, screaming blue murder, "Edith! Edith! Freddy!! Freddy!! Come quick, there's a man in my room!" Well of course we run upstairs and Freddy grabbed the poker and when we got up to her room there was nobody there but the Major. Do you know he'd got in through the window, thinking to surprise her, she wouldn't let him set foot in her room at all in the ordinary way. "What on earth's all this?" he said when he see us. "Why, Gilbert, it's only *you!*" said Mrs. Dykes. "What do you mean by giving us all such a fright, creeping in at my window like that? Why, I thought it was *a man!*" At that Freddy and me couldn't help giving a laugh. Soon after that I left to get married, and I was sorry to leave in some ways, Mrs. Dykes cried when I went away, ever so good she was. Poor soul, I can't help thinking of her sometimes, with that Major of hers.

WILLIAM PLOMER

WHERE ARE THE DAMES OF YESTERYEAR?

THEY move with the times, those dames. Mr. Clarkson Rose in his sea-green peignoir, Mr. George Lacy with his peroxide tresses, Mr. Douglas Wakefield in his Pompadour wig, bring the atmosphere of Miss Sophie Tucker to Dame Tickle's cottage and, indeed, it is in the gradual encroachment of the revue on Panto that our sophisticated children find the main attraction of that time-honoured entertainment. If you want the real old-fashioned thing you must go to the Lyceum. Here everything is as it should be, bowers of impossible flowers, coryphées of the Jenny Pearl tradition, brokers' men, an admirable Puss in Boots and all the rest. This is the kind I like best, though I must confess I found it rather disturbing that I knew none of the tunes, which the audience sang with such gusto, nor did I understand how all the London children round me seemed perfectly at home with the rather obscure Yorkshire joke about Ilkley Moor with which the refrain of Dame Tickle's ballad concluded. At the Lyceum it is quite right that the children should be somewhat uninterested in the extremely able acrobatic dancing of Latasha and Laurence and much prefer little Joan with her pirouettes and rose-pink ballet-dress. At the Hippodrome, where revue is more in the air, Markova and Dolin's efforts were highly applauded, though I must confess that they hardly seemed to be putting their best leg forward, if one may pardon the expression, as Gilbert said when writing to his neighbour Mr. Blackwell, regarding some poaching on his preserves.

What is common to all the pantomimes, but it is particularly impressive at the Coliseum and the Hippodrome, is the ravishing quality of the Principal Boys' tights. Maroon, silver, smoke, they flash before us with an irresistible power, and how Miss Florence Desmond and Miss Madge Elliott know how to wear them! It would be difficult to improve on the appearance of these two, Miss Elliott with her elegant extremely long legs and Miss Desmond with her more delicate but equally well-proportioned pair. And both of them have the real Principal Boy's swagger. Watch Miss Elliott making her gestures in the grand manner as Prince Charming, Miss Desmond giving that roguish twinkle that belongs to the age-long tradition of these parts. Neither has enough voice to satisfy such enormous theatres as those they are set to play in—your true Principal Boy needs a rolling, blaring affair well-nurtured on stout and porterhouse—but both do their best, and if we have legs to look at like theirs, a little thing like a voice is, perhaps, too much to ask for as well. The heroines in these two big pantomimes are much less successful than at the Lyceum, where Miss Polly Ward plays the Princess Rosamund exactly to the manner born. Neither Miss Chili Bouchier nor Miss Edna Best can cope with the situation at all. I had hoped a good deal for Miss Best's Cinderella, and it is with regret that I count it a failure. Her charming little singing voice is, of course, not equal to the strain of the Coliseum, but her diction, which has always been one of her strongest points, seems to

disappear as well. I know the enormous auditorium and the huge well of the Coliseum stage depress actors, but she frequently gives the impression of having thrown her hand in and I do not believe that so good an actress as Miss Best could really do that.

The comedians are admirable everywhere. Mr. Lacy's topical cracks (Hippodrome) are pointed and good, and his dance in the Ballet tradition with *fausse* Toumanova gestures was brilliantly done. Mr. Douglas Wakefield's indiarubber face (Coliseum) always charms me, and I found the O'Gorman brothers (Lyceum) stimulating in the Flanagan and Allen style. Some of the specialities are also good, Mr. Max Wall in a brilliant dance, entirely devised in walks, the Gaudsmith brothers as a pair of poodles, and Mr. Dick Tubb, Jr., who flashed in and out at the Lyceum in what appeared to be a life-like imitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury rubbing his hands over a recent departure. The chorus deserves one's praise always. The indefatigable Tiller school come at Christmas into their own, and everywhere the results of fine attention to detail and weeks of hard work bring that exquisite precision that only an English dancing troupe can show. At the Coliseum twenty-four enchanting little girls, some of them a trifle over-Bergnerised, rival their elder and more experienced sisters.

The scenery varies. Mr. Alick Johnstone at the Coliseum has a real sense of period and his Cinderella is, as it should be, rococo. There was a particularly charming courtyard and a gay hunting scene. At the Hippodrome the hunt takes place in Scotland, but there is a captivating decor of golden goose's eggs for which Miss Doris Zinkeisen is responsible. At the Lyceum there is the real transformation, with all the dear old flowers one used to see thirty years ago and more bursting out luxuriously beside a waterfall of thinnest lawn; and they have a Harlequinade as well. Pantomime is in very strong form this year; long may it remain so. If, as current rumour goes, someone has offered to buy, to preserve for his descendants, the mackintosh in which Lord Brownlow escorted Mrs. Simpson to the South of France, then let us all get into topsy-turveydom and stay there with the Surrealists.

LEIGH ASHTON

FILMS OF 1936

IT is perhaps ironic that the misbegotten year of 1936 should have been an exceptionally good year for films. Ten first-rate films instead of five, twenty passable pictures instead of a dozen, do not make the world a noticeably better place to live in. The cinema has not yet caught up with itself as an art; its means of expression have grown rapidly more and more flexible and magnificent, but, for a number of reasons (most of them what are known as "sound business reasons"), it has on the whole found precious little to say: its form is scintillating, its content shrivelled—a sure sign of decadence, for which, in this youngest of the arts, there is only the specious excuse that it is also, first and foremost, an industry.

And yet there may be some connection between the unexpected flood of more hopeful, more intelligent pictures which we have seen this past year and the alleged fact that 1936, itself so villainous, contrived to get a glimpse of the prosperity that has lurked so long round the corner. The cinema is cheerful and optimistic because the mainspring of its profits is popular confidence. In fact, one of the best films of the year even went so far as to advance humane socialistic ideas on the subject of wealth and the ideal of its more equitable distribution; it touched on the topic gaily but not fatuously, and other American films have marked the first faint, half-hearted beginnings of a change of attitude, belated but welcome after the glorified, gold-digging ethic of the pre-Roosevelt, pre-depression movies.

As notable as the number of worthy films shown in 1936 is their more than usual variety; among them may be two or three—not more—that will be remembered as great films of their day, but at the present moment they appear of almost exactly uniform merit, while yet surprisingly different in theme and treatment. My own choice of the top ten films of the year, listed in no special order, is as follows: *Fury*, *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Desire*, *La Kermesse Héroique*, *My Man Godfrey*, *These Three*, *The Green Pastures*, *Dodsworth*, *Hortobagy*. The best of these had considerable defects, notably *Fury*, *Mr. Deeds* and *Pasteur*, whereas in the less serious similar defects were naturally more easily overlooked, as in the bowdlerised *Kermesse Heroique* and the brilliant farce *My Man Godfrey*, which ended on a cynical note of happiness for all, happiness taking the form of a night-club built for down-and-outs to work and live in—a paradise they would doubtless appreciate, being all of them bank-presidents and Harvard men. The best made of these films, as regards intelligent direction and smooth continuity, were *Desire*, a witty picture watched over by Lubitsch, and *Dodsworth*, a masterly translation of a novel into talkie and visual terms. Walter Houston's performance in this latter film and Paul Muni's portrayal of Pasteur were probably the best screen acting of 1936.

The year which began with *Mutiny on the Bounty*, a flatulent epic enlivened by Charles Laughton, and ended in the gaudy sunset glow of *The Garden of Allah* was singularly meagre in humour. Four of the ten best films listed above were excellent comedies, but both Chaplin and Clair presented films this year and neither was as good as might have been expected: *The Ghost Goes West* disappointed those who hoped to recognise its director's inimitable handwriting on every sequence, but instead found only his luminous signature in this odd corner and that; five dutiful visits to *Modern Times*, in a determined endeavour to discern some genuine merit in Chaplin's rambling satire on the machine age, have only strengthened my first sad impression that even his genius for movement and facial expression fails to justify the tedium and confusion of this film. The lowbrow slapstick of *Libelled Lady* was funnier and the doctored, adulterated insanity of the Marx Brothers, heavily coated with musical comedy by M-G-M in *A Night at the Opera*.

The British studios have produced several huge damp firework displays in the past twelve months, but no film so good as last year's *The Turn of the Tide*. *Tudor Rose*, a restrained and dignified picture, was almost certainly the best of the British output, apart from a succession of first-class documentaries; *The Marriage of Corbal* was in all probability the worst film of the year, either British or American. The pretentious failures of Elstree and Denham are peculiarly irritating, because their faults are so crass and glaring yet seem so easily avoidable and so well worth avoiding—with a little more care, more common sense, more simplicity, one feels, any one of these glittering British productions might really take its place among the more satisfying French and American productions. Their faults all boil down to one—sheer stupidity, the stupidity of carelessness and lack of proportion. After a brilliant, terrifying opening sequence, which it would be difficult to praise too highly, *Things to Come* became wearisome in the extreme, verbose and beautiful to look at; the spate of Mr. Wells's words wrecked the film, obstinately, triumphantly gnawing away the architecture and photography of the film, like termites. *Secret Agent* was a completely irresponsible film, which wasted a number of good dramatic moments by the silliness and incompetence of its narrative continuity. *Rembrandt*, a frankly amorphous film, and for that reason Korda's best film, is not marred by this lack of reason and good sense: a highly commendable picture.

About the two onslaughts on Shakespeare, one British, the other American, which left everything where it was before and certainly, without a little more understanding of Shakespeare, were not worth making, the less said the better. Little films like *Mayerling* and *Merlusse*, the amusing *Marchand d'Amour*, Guitry's gay *Bonne Chance*, Disney's happy cartoons and the delightful *Fox-Hunt* are far pleasanter to remember.

JOHN MARKS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Heart's Content," Shaftesbury

It is a pleasure to see Miss Diana Wynyard in comedy again. If the plot is a trifle thin and the choice which gives her heart content lights on a somewhat pedestrian object, the decoration is pleasantly various and the atmosphere essentially English in the best Wynyard tradition. Wynyard fans will like it, and in a play of this calibre one can't ask more than to be amused sufficiently and to be given a nice little dollop of sentiment at the same time. The plot has been considerably altered since it first saw the light at Streatham, and while the uninteresting girl-friend (Miss Eileen Peel), who committed suicide there, now triumphs over the vamp (Miss Kathryn Hamill), rather to everyone's annoyance, Mr. Arthur Macrae's part, as a sardonic wisecracking friend, has been strengthened, much to the benefit of the evening's entertainment. It would be unfair to say that he steals the play, but certainly, whenever he is on the stage, the acidity of his tongue gives the melon a much-needed dash of ginger. If, as one suspects from the turn of the lines, he was called in to help in the alteration of the play, then little Arthur must be laffing and laffing and laffing at having given himself such good material. The Ruritanian prince in this innocent little fairy-tale is played by Mr. Louis Borell with great charm and authority, and one only wishes his part were a little better than it is. Mr. Borell's strong suit is making love, and a good love scene would have done the play no harm at all. Indeed, it would have given Miss Wynyard's mother (Miss Mary Jerrold) something really to grumble at, and at that she might have begun to wonder how all the guests who came to her house arrived in the drawing-room unannounced and see that a really efficient parlourmaid might be an asset in keeping a check on her daughter's admirers. As a vehicle for Miss Wynyard's talents the play is perfectly adequate, and she and the admirable cast with her will no doubt carry it on their shoulders for some months.

"Your Number's Up," at the Gate Theatre

Instead of the usual Christmas revue, the Gate has given us a musical comedy, much prettier to look at, much more comic and much more musical than the average. It is a satire on schools, and there is no juicier subject for satirists than a Public School—except, perhaps, a Progressive one. So one laughs a lot, but as the evening goes on, it seems one is not being exhilarated quite as one hoped. Something is wrong. And the weakness, oddly enough, is purely intellectual—an uncertainty in the minds of the authors. They never decide what type of education they are satirising; at one moment they cock an eye towards Windsor, at the next towards Totnes, and as a result they fall plumb between two schools. Or rather three: for some of the jokes are aimed at the charming establishments imagined by Dean Farrar and his successors. Miss Charlotte Leigh and Mr. Hedley Briggs are absent and irreplaceable, but Miss Gillian Hume is a heavenly comic, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Michael Anthony and Mr. Humphrey Bourne make an engaging trio of schoolboys, and Miss Eda Peel put sex appeal over very effectively. The music, by Mr. Geoffrey Wright, is much the best and most expert thing in a very amiable entertainment. You are recommended to go to the Gate, but first to have an uncommonly good dinner.

"Hoffmann" and "Il Barbiere," at Covent Garden

The winter season of International Opera at Covent Garden opened last Saturday night with a performance of Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, which was notable for the first appearance at Covent Garden of a new Italian conductor, Francesco Salfi, who made a very favourable impression and secured a lively and brilliant performance. If the rest of the cast had been up to the level of John Brownlee's Figaro this might have been an outstanding production; but, in spite of his many good qualities, Heddle Nash's voice is hardly robust enough for the part of Count Almaviva at Covent Garden, while Miss Noel Eadie, in spite of her fine technique, was not at her best in the part of Rosima. How good Miss Eadie can be, however, was demonstrated on Monday night at the first performance of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* when she doubled the roles of Olympia and Antonia. She got the mechanical doll character of Olympia to perfection, and here her fine technique was heard to full advantage; but it was her singing in the wonderful third act of this much underrated opera that Miss Eadie showed what an artist she can be; the part of Antonia suits her voice exactly and her *piano* singing in this role was a pleasure to hear in its perfect expressiveness. A magnificent performance by John Brownlee in the three-fold role of Coppélius, Dappertutto and Dr. Miracle, an excellent French tenor, André Burdino as Hoffmann, and good performances by Bernadette Delprat as Giulietta and Jane Mattio as Nicklausse made this production quite exceptional as regards the cast. In addition, the staging was first rate, and Sir Thomas Beecham conducted superbly. This splendid production of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* may be warmly recommended to all lovers of ideal opera and also to those who have not yet discovered that it is a masterpiece of musical fantasy.

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THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 2nd—
Marionette Entertainment, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, January 3rd—
Prof. F. Aveling on "The Problem of the Will in Recent Psychology," Conway Hall, 11.
Lt.-Col. J. V. Delahaye on "Men and Women of Good Will and Intelligence—Why Don't You Do Something?" 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, January 4th—
"The Story of Captain Scott," Everyman Cinema.

TUESDAY, January 5th—
J. J. Mallon on "Anti-Semitism in East London," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

WEDNESDAY, January 6th—
Demonstration of Dalcroze Eurhythmics, Great Hall, University College, Gower Street, 5.
J. Middleton Murry on "Communism and Community," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, January 7th—
Dr. F. D. Klingender on "Marxism and Modern Art," Marx Memorial Library, 37A Clerkenwell Green, 7.30. (Fee for course of six lectures, 2*s.* 6*d.*)

FRIDAY, January 8th—
Henry Durant on "The Theory and Practice of Fascism," Mary Ward Settlement, 36 Tavistock Place, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"SEE that the child does not stray off the lahn," the genteel accents of the farmer's wife floated past the end of the farmhouse and brought a good-natured grin on to the faces of the cowmen and the farm boys. "See that the child does not stray off the lahn." That was Mrs. Knox. Her husband was a young, eager farmer, a ruthless money-maker, but he had farming in his blood and loved it. The home pastures were yellow with cowslips; the first hawthorn blossom patched the hedges with white, the larks sang over the arable, where the wheat, already nearly a foot high, waved and rippled in the breeze, and the rows of stocky sturdy beans shot up out of the yellow clay. Everything was bursting with soft fecundity: hens led broods of chicks or fostered ducklings, the sow grunted adventurously along the hedge with a tribe of satin-coated little pigs who ran all together, stopped dead to stare, and then galloped back to her in horror. Calves mooed, lambs baaed, ewes bleated and the cart-horse foals frisked along the side of the stackyard. Everywhere one looked there were mothers with their young. Mrs. Knox was a mother too; her little boy had just learned to toddle a few steps, but neither mother nor child were ever to be seen. She hated the farm with all its animal life and the labourers going to and fro to the dairy with pails of milk and the ring of hobnails on the flagstones. Mrs. Knox was a pale, sickly, rather beautiful young woman who longed for streets and shops and visits to Brighton, and she and her little boy lived away from the sunny farmyard, on the north side of the house which had a few lauristinus bushes and cast-iron railings separating it from the motor road. A tiny patch of grass that grew thinly in the shadow was the lawn, where the "nurse"—a labourer's fourteen-year-old daughter—might take out the child, or where she walked herself for a few moments in the afternoon. It was a dark, damp, noisome spot, swept with dust and exhaust fumes from the high road—but it was genteel, and in it Mrs. Knox was safe from seeing a pig or a newly born calf or the great shire mare suckling her foal. Such was the Sussex farmer's wife; an unhappy woman she must have been, for the rambling back of the great farmhouse overflowed with the coarse life she hated. All day long men and boys went in and out whistling, carrying measures of meal, or guns, putting pig powders, pills for horses, "gaseous mixture" for cows, down on every mantelpiece. They ate and drank huge teas and belched between the courses and she was powerless against their health and noise and direct country speech. Her genteel aspirations remained unchanged and unrealised. Years later I knocked at Mr. Knox's front door and a scared maid showed me into the drawing-room where, to my astonishment, I found a pet lamb asleep in front of the Japanese fire-screen and the vase of pampas grass. It belonged to Master Knox, a mucky little boy who had found his way into the farmyard and had learned to use naughty words. And after I had seen how Mr. Knox had entirely given up listening to anything his wife said, I felt sorry for the poor silly woman, giving up her life to the pursuit of a fantastic refinement when she might have been a queen ruling her own kitchen.

* * *

I have been thinking of Mrs. Knox, because I have been re-reading Mark Rutherford's novels, which have been published uniform with the *Autobiography*, *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*, and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (Oxford, 3*s.* 6*d.* a volume), which I reviewed last year. He is clumsy and grotesque in inventing incident, which appears positively to hamper the progress of his story where it occurs. But the value of these books is not as novels, still less as works of art of any sort, but as social documents. Rutherford may be compared with Gissing, but while Gissing wrote of the misery of the lower middle class in London, Rutherford deals with the far less vocal class in the small country towns, a class which has been very little described. Above all Rutherford is concerned with the outbreak of gentility among the small shopkeepers and yeomen of England, which, during the nineteenth century, revolutionised and canalised the bourgeois ethos. Mrs. Knox is a figure who would have gone straight into one of Rutherford's books if he had ever met her. Indeed her problems were very much those of Mrs. Furze in *Catherine Furze*, whose daughter was a great trial:

> "Mr. Gosford, my poor bitch has puppies—three of them—all as true as their mother for we know the father."
>
> "Ah!" replied Gosford. "You're lucky then, Miss Catherine, for dogs, especially in a town. . . ." Mrs. Furze at this moment hastily rang the bell, making an unusual clatter with the crockery.

Later she complains to the worthy ironmonger, her husband, that their daughter has used "an extremely vulgar word—I do not know what to call it—almost profane" and that all the money spent on her education has been thrown away. Not that Mr. Furze was free of offence himself: he had a habit of removing his coat and waistcoat after lunch on Sunday and going to sleep propped up on two chairs in the drawing-room—which was deplorable enough when the Furzes lived over their shop, but which became an intolerable social danger after they had moved to The Terrace, and there were hopes that the doctor's wife and the brewer's wife might call. Not that they ever came except to collect subscriptions. The blow falls: the brewer's wife finds Mr. Furze in his shirt sleeves and Mark Rutherford points out rather subtly:

> If Mr. Furze had been there alone it would not have much mattered, but the presence of wife and daughter sanctioned the vulgarity, not to say indecency. Mrs. Colston would naturally conclude they were accustomed to that sort of thing—that the pipe, Mrs. Bellamy and the sausages, the absence of Mr. Furze's coat and waistcoat, were the "atmosphere," as Mrs. Furze put it, in which they lived.

* * *

The social hierarchy of a little town, which bears some geographical resemblance to Peterborough, in the middle of the nineteenth century, is described in detail and the way in which Mrs. Furze's hopeless social aspirations poison the family relations is completely convincing. One sees that there was no help for them: they were the feeble and unwilling victims of a disastrous revolution in taste and manners which marked the Victorian age—a revolution in which Humbug was invested with divine honours, on earth and in Heaven. Mark Rutherford is extremely sensitive to its various manifestations and can describe them wittily. There is the clergyman of whom he tells us that: "once even, shocking to say, he quite unexpectedly, at a tea-party, made an observation about God." There is the humbug of the ironmonger who gets his assistant to do all the important work of his business but takes the credit to himself, and lastly there is, I am afraid, a certain sentimental or snobbish humbug in Mark Rutherford himself, who knew his characters too well to be altogether exempt from their faults. Thus he makes Catherine die of consumption, because she has fallen in love with a married man, and the housemaid Phoebe dies of the same complaint, because her love is unreturned.

> She had been betrayed into a little tenderness which met with no response. She was only a housemaid, and yet when she said to herself that maybe she had been too forward, the blood came to her cheeks; beautifully, too beautifully white they were. Poor Phoebe!

Miriam in *Miriam's Schooling* is very much the same sort of girl as Catherine and as Clara in *Clara Hopgood*. They are all transparently honest and passionate, but so deeply serious that they puzzle their would-be lovers. *Miriam's Schooling*, which is only a long short story, is more like Gissing than the others, for Miriam and her brother come to London and live in wretched lodgings in the Borough. The first pages, as is usual with Mark Rutherford, are the best. The picture he gives of a clockmaker's family in the market town is worth all the author's reflections and the absurd incidents which he dutifully invents. But no one has caught better the poisonous humbug of bourgeois gentility and the stuffy respectability which is shocked if a girl speaks of a bitch, or a clergyman mentions God at tea-time.

DAVID GARNETT

MADAME BOVARY

Madame Bovary : Ebauches et Fragments Inédits. Edited by GABRIELLE LELEU. *Conard, Paris.* 2 vols. 150 *fr.*

Mlle Gabrielle Leleu has assembled all the manuscripts of *Madame Bovary*—first, second, third drafts down to the final text—and arranged them paragraph by paragraph in two volumes of 600 pages each. It is not a book which many people, even enthusiasts of the novel, will want to read; but its critical value is immense. The different versions of *L'Education Sentimentale* and *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* are far too loosely related to be comparable in this way. *Madame Bovary*, like *Salammbo*, was written without interruption, in a single flow. Indeed, the publication of these "fragments" surpasses in importance even the Correspondence; there we were given Flaubert's reflections on his method, here is the method itself. We are privileged for the first time in literature to watch in every detail the creation of a style. That *Bovary* turned out to be a masterpiece was almost incidental to Flaubert's purpose.

The circumstances in which he sat down to write were as follows. In September, 1849, at the age of twenty-eight, he had completed the first version of the *Tentation*, a lyrical tornado; Du Camp and Bouilhet had been invited to the reading of it, which took four days. The scene has been a favourite with biographers: Flaubert storming and intoning, the other two listening silently and from time to time exchanging a startled look, Mme Flaubert waiting for the verdict outside. When it was all over, Bouilhet said: "We think you should throw that piece in the fire and never speak of it again," and the next day, as they walked in the garden, he suggested to Flaubert that he should write the story of the Delamares, a local tragedy, the scandal of which was still fresh. The manuscript of the *Tentation* was put away in a drawer, Flaubert went off on a long journey to the East, and on his return immured himself at Croisset to write *Madame Bovary*.

It was to be "un exercise utile auquel il a voulu résolumment se condamner." He spent six years over it. Two essential steps in this task must have been extremely distasteful to Flaubert. The necessity, first, of developing a theme—and in his eyes, so petty a theme—from life, so that his book would be chained to a particular neighbourhood, particular people, a particular set of circumstances, while he had dreamed of immensities: to that extent he was, and remained, an extreme romantic. Second, the agony, as he learnt to write, of seeing these incidents and people infect the page with their banality, as in all novels they do. This, the real challenge of the book, impelled him to undertake it. He believed that it was possible to transform a novel, without losing its essential character, into a piece of literature comparable with great poetry. It could be done by means of imagery, by lyrical realism and compression, by style. That style, which distinguishes *Bovary* from all the novels which preceded it, was achieved after intense labour. Everything else is in the first draft as we have it here—plot, scenes, characters, landscape—everything except the style. It gives the least dramatic incident an arresting, a significant turn. Examples could be quoted from any page. After Emma Bovary's first meeting with Léon at the inn and their instinctive sympathy, the next chapter begins:

> Le lendemain, à son reveil, elle aperçut le clerc sur la place. Elle était en peignoir. Il leva la tête et la salua. Elle fit une inclination rapide et referma la fenêtre.

All Flaubert's sentences serve a purpose, the short ones especially. Here the cold phrases, descriptive of physical action, have the effect of important gestures during the silences in a play. The night before, Emma and Léon have exchanged looks which foreshadow love; in firelight and within hearing of a mixed company they have talked in undertones of agreeable escapes, travel, music, their dreams; and the cadences suit the conversation. With the morning glimpse, the narrative changes to the abrupt paragraph I have quoted. It has the effect of the letter dropped into the box during *The Doll's House*, an effect essentially dramatic which Flaubert, however, by constant and varied use makes a recurring and integral part of his narrative, adaptable to the smallest circumstance. Mr. Murry, in an essay on Flaubert which was otherwise imperceptive, once made the excellent remark that the intensity of Flaubert's prose is comparable with Elizabethan blank verse. Yes, even in the example quoted above (typical rather than remarkable) there is something of the quality of

> Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.

(cf. *Bovary*, part II, chapt. 9, "Six semaines s'écoulèrent. Rodolphe ne revint pas. Un soir, enfin, il parut.")

It surprises, lifts, unsteadies the reader, forcing him by its very briefness to pause. And, as with the Elizabethan poets, there are passages of a longer undulating rhythm in which an ideal picture is drawn or a simile is extended over many lines. The narrative of *Bovary* widens and shuts, like a stream placid or rushing, according to the country it flows through. That Flaubert only attained this intensity of phrase and pliability of sentence by laborious effort can be seen by comparing the first with the final version of any page in the book. The paragraph quoted above was written originally thus:

> Le lendemain, en s'éveillant, la première personne qu'elle vit sur la place, ce fut le clerc de notaire qui se rendait à son étude. Elle traversait la chambre, en peignoir de nuit. Léon leva la tête par hasard, l'aperçut et la salua. Elle fit une inclination rapide et referma la fenêtre.

And there any novelist before Flaubert, and all except a very few since, would have stopped, well satisfied.

Apart from the miraculous appearance of the style, there is the interest of all that Flaubert cut out. The love affairs with Léon and Rodolphe were in the first place much fuller, the conversations longer (I notice after one dialogue, "coupé; Marivaudage; très nature"). All through the book one sees compression; Reduce, reduce, the message is on every page. The cuts one regrets most concern Homais, the mean, pedantic, mayoral chemist. How many fresh attitudes these "fragments" reveal! Homais snoring among his retorts like Marshal Turenne amid his artillery; getting down to a plate of three dozen oysters; instructing the clerk on the moral life apart from religion, and at the same time slyly digging him in the ribs; discoursing on coffee, sensibility, sleep, sowing one's wild oats; walking through his garden in which every plant and shrub served some homoeopathic use. We are not surprised to learn that he was a great reader of *Charivari*, that he surpassed himself in writing a newspaper article on the subject of Emma's death. Some incidents, however, one is sorry to lose. In the first version Homais gives a dinner party, which all the village notabilities attend; he receives from Bovary—a gift meant for his children—a remarkable model of a village illustrating all the trades; and the panorama with its little men receives pride of place in the drawing-room. This last is a set piece, hinting at the picturesque garden done so admirably later in *Bouvard and Pécuchet*. Here, in fact, as elsewhere, the reasons for cutting are unanswerable. Too much Homais would tilt the picture; and besides there was *Bouvard and Pécuchet* yet to be written.

As Homais to some extent anticipates *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, so the figure of old Rouault, Emma's father, whom we may hardly notice at a first reading, is a *Coeur Simple*, beautifully and touchingly complete. He appears first, it will be remembered, a slack, ageing, kindly, well-to-do farmer, a widower, enjoying his coffee and brandy, sleeping well, taking meals alone in the kitchen. Bovary attends him for a broken leg. Old Rouault welcomes the proposal for Emma, and goes off into memories of his own courtship. Later, when Emma is swept away by her affair with Rodolphe, a letter comes from the old man with the annual gift of a turkey; he goes on affectionately about the weather, about the barn roof, the plum tree he has planted for his little granddaughter. It is a masterpiece of understatement, appearing when it does. Then, at the news of Emma's death, only half believing he drives madly across miles of country, sees the black hangings round the window, and faints. After the funeral, he quietly smokes a pipe—a circumstance which revolts Homais.

Emma herself changes hardly at all through the different versions. In one we see her singing a ballad after dinner when there is company; but the picture does not fit. She would play a little to herself on the piano, for Bovary to overhear, that would be all. There is a long passage which survived every revision except the last, describing her feelings (when she is in love with Rodolphe) at the proximity of Bovary in bed, stretching a timid hand towards her breasts. Flaubert tries the passage in several ways, even transferring the point of view to Bovary. But the passage goes. And reading the quick general statement which takes its place we cannot doubt Flaubert's judgment.

Madame Bovary is well-nigh faultless. Look at it this way and that, again and again, there it stands. That is not to say that elements in it do not raise a faint query in the reader's mind. The virtuosity of some passages—the *Comices*, for example—would be excessive if it did not reach a point of skill at which it can achieve anything. The same with the blind beggar. His appearance in the street singing a ballad while Emma lies dying is forced, or rather not so much forced as fixed, prearranged,

exulted in, like the mad scenes in *Lear*. Good or bad, one can't say; tastes will always differ. I feel it is overdone, though I feel it less at the moment of reading than afterwards. It seems to me a mistake, too—though trifling perhaps—after Emma's death to introduce Hippolyte again with the stamp of his wooden leg across the cobbles. From that point, however, the artificiality merges into such naturalness—Bovary and Rouault together, one heartbroken, the other resigned, Homais increasingly triumphant—that it is difficult to say whether Flaubert has falsified at all.

As I have suggested, these two volumes, admirably edited and presented by Mlle Leleu, are not for careless reading; though readers who take the trouble to go through them slowly will find them absorbing. No scrupulous writer could study this book without profound emotion. G. W. STONIER

THE UNTHINKING READ

Surrealism. Edited by HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Herbert Read's symposium is not a manifesto, not an explanation, not a critical work of any ordinary kind. These five essays and ninety-five experiments in the visual arts are samples of the fruit from the Surrealist collective farm. Speaking on behalf of his fellow-Romantics at the New Burlington Galleries last summer, M. Paul Eluard (whose lecture then is his contribution to this book) pronounced that "man cannot deny value to his products," and it is in this non-critical spirit that the present works have been gathered together. For Surrealists it is sufficient that works of art are natural objects on which the imagination can be exercised. The Surrealist contribution to equality and fraternity has been the reduction to the ranks of those who have previously been singled out by having a talent for artistic expression. "Poetry must be made by all, not by one," said Lautréamont, and M. Eluard echoes him. This problem in values is solved by making the individual critic supplement the artist. The Surrealist critic tickles his own imagination with automatism and free associations, and puts a premium on irrational reactions. Coleridge's saying, "the opposite of poetry is not prose but science," has become a slogan. The Surrealist foible is to cover everything, known and unknown, the sentimental and the horrifying, with a layer of poetical dusk. When this eccentricity is carried further, as in Mr. Read's introduction, where even reasoning becomes unreasonable, tendentious and interspersed with explosions of petulance, it might fairly be described as a fault.

"Surrealism is a state of mind," says M. Eluard—and this is the nearest that any of them comes to defining the movement. Though one hesitates to add an amateur diagnosis to the many inexpert psycho-analysings that go on in this book, it is made clear enough by the writers themselves that this state of mind is preoccupied, in a fairly conscious way, with feelings of anxiety and guilt. It is typical of Surrealists that, observing the feelings they have in common with one another and with such artists of the past as they approve, they conclude that these feelings are universal and inevitable. It is in this mood that Mr. Read finds it in himself to patronise Michelangelo and dismiss Pope. This gives M. Breton the confidence and assurance to bombinate like a minor Hitler. It gives the scholarly and almost too reasonable Mr. Hugh Sykes Davis lightness to leap from peak to peak in his exposition of the English history of Super-realism, so that he hardly notices the troughs where explanations are demanded. In this mood M. Eluard fires off like crackers his valuable collection of Surrealist aphorisms, confident that they will not bounce back on him, and M. Georges Hugnet, the most orderly of them all, works through his anthology of French poetry during the last seventy years, proclaiming each achievement the finest ever.

"The Surrealist painters who are poets," writes M. Eluard, but otherwise the writers in this book (who concern themselves in varying proportions with politics, rhetoric philosophy and pure poetry) have little to say about its ninety-five illustrations. As poets, the painters are presumed able to speak for themselves. Few of the paintings reproduced here (Picasso, Miro and Klee are obvious exceptions) would catch the eye of a person interested in only the æsthetic qualities of art, and it is probable that few of them were intended to appeal directly or sensuously to the unconscious. In painting, more than in any other branch of art, the Surrealist is compelled to externalise his fantasy. He has to set down in so much paint, literally and finally, an idea that in poetry might produce a hundred different images in as many people. This check to the imagination, combined with an indifference to merely æsthetic considerations, makes a lot of Surrealist painting dull. And surprising titles are very often added to provide the requisite stimulus for imagistic reverie.

The authors of this book have, by a sliding scale of values and intentions, effectively forestalled criticism. They are pleased to be illogical, they seek to be at the same time didactic and obscure. They write entertainingly (if they will forgive my saying so); and they have much in common with the great romantic and anti-rational movements now flourishing in Italy and Germany. As Mr. Herbert Read puts it, he "does not choose to present a falsely regular façade," and adds "people with symmetrical faces . . . if not criminals . . . are at any rate stupid and depraved." So we too must accept this beautiful wild exterior for what it is, and be politely amused when the eighteenth century and the Augustans and Dr. Johnson are lashed by the fury of these over-anxious humanitarians, and when Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis are set to lord it over Blake and Rimbaud. And how nice it is to know that they recognise a comrade in the early Wordsworth. GRAHAM BELL

GREET THE GREAT

Dostoevsky. By GERALD ABRAHAM. GREAT LIVES. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

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King Charles I. By PANSY PAKENHAM. GREAT LIVES. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

St. Francis of Assisi. By T. S. R. BOASE. GREAT LIVES. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

"La vie est courte et ennuyeuse," remarked La Bruyère. This juxtaposition, applied to life in general, has some piquancy, but in biography the one adjective is only too apt to involve the other.

Next time you drink

a glass of port, think a little about Portugal and its unspectacular dictatorship which has done so much in secret to promote the "insurgent" cause in Spain. The facts of this case, together with a pertinent and informed description of the whole situation in Spain, is contained in Carlos Prieto's *Spanish Front*, which "is probably the best short book, for so small a price, published about the Spanish conflict"—(*Listener*). Sñr. Prieto's short review of Spanish history and the Spanish character makes it a book of much more than momentary interest.

Spanish Front (refuse resolutely all substitutes) is now in a second impression, which means that many other people too have found it readable. With map, cloth bound, 2*s.* 6*d. net.*

NELSON

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It is especially so with public lives, where, in a clutter of needful explanations, the central figure has hardly room to turn round. Not that one can call the problem insoluble, for it has been done, as in Francis Birrell's *Gladstone*, which was a model; still, happy the pocket biographer who has not to face it.

In short, Mr. Abraham's *Dostoevsky* is the best of this batch, and one of the best I have come across in the series: it is a real Life, not merely a Short Life. Nor should the subject's manageableness get all the credit. Mr. Abraham has made the most of a good job, and produced something not only clear and adequate, but very amusing. He rates Dostoevsky the novelist very high indeed, and is not unjust to the individual; but the "Russian soul" excites in him a profound scepticism, and, without any of that tiresome effect of being out to score off his subject, he makes one laugh a good deal.

Liszt's must no doubt be considered, technically, a private life; but for the biographer it has most of the drawbacks of publicity, and one more—namely, that the public achievement is unrecordable, a mere impression, a legend. Even apart from that, Mr. Hill's volume lacks distinctness; but he writes with great sympathy, and through the rather muzzy atmosphere we see this, at any rate—Liszt was a very nice man. Two points especially seemed to me irresistible: first, the "amazing catholicity of taste" which has "always been a source of admiration and wonder. It did not matter to what school or style a new work belonged, provided it was good of its kind it received his energetic support." And secondly, Borodin's account of him as a teacher: "He did not scold or get angry; the pupils did not feel affronted . . . In all his comments he was, with all his familiarity, in the highest degree gentle and delicate and sparing to his pupil's vanity." And so the debunkers may do their worst.

Sir George Dunbar suffers from an excess of material, but at least he has a romantic hero and setting, and his book is an appetiser: we get enough eighteenth-century India to be fascinated, and enough Clive to feel the attraction of this (apparently) untypical empire-builder. Sir George dwells on Clive's keen study of native languages and customs, on his invariable "patience, firmness and tact" in dealing with Indians, and the "trust and affection" he obtained from all classes. Very unlike the traditional Englishman in the East. The private Clive is only glanced at, which was inevitable: and when it comes to Peel—one can only feel sympathy for a biographer with a very tough job. Here, there is no respite from potted politics, and the central figure supplies less leaven than usual. Mr. Kitson Clark has done his best; he esteems Peel, and makes out a good case for him. But what emerges is an honourable gentleman, never quite—though Mr. Clark would have liked it to be so—a nice man. It was the private Peel who was nice, if anyone, and of him we see almost nothing, for want of space.

The Kings and Queens of England have this advantage, that we know a lot about them already. The question almost is, don't we know enough? Of these three royal lives, *Queen Elizabeth* is the most successful: I mean the liveliest. It is afflicted with style, and (to put it bluntly) a cheapjack strain—("As common and as unusual as that, she was Elizabeth," etc., etc.)—but anything to galvanise a tired subject. And, besides, Mr. Williams has achieved a really sympathetic Elizabeth who is yet convincing: on that score his verbal postures may be forgiven. Mr. Campbell's *Mary* has neither the defects nor the sparkle of its companion. It is a good, reasonable little work—for instance, all the disputed Bothwell points are given, tentatively, against Queen Mary, but with no great flavour of disapproval: the Queen herself, however, does not stand out much. This subject being even more tired, one cannot wonder.

Lady Pansy Pakenham's *King Charles I*, like Dr. Dodds's sermons, is addressed to the passions: everything else, even the Anglican martyr, has to give way to her determination that the Whig dogs shall not get the best of it for a split second, and the tyro will be relieved to find, for once, a historic quarrel in which all the right reason and purity of motive were on one side. He will only wonder what on earth Cromwell's admirers can have to say; but it will cost him more than two shillings to find this out, the Lord Protector not having been, as yet, admitted to the exalted society of Haig, Edward VII and W. G. Grace.

Mr. Boase seems less confident about his subject than Lady Pansy; he is very anxious to put St. Francis in a good light, and, at the same time, almost morbidly aware of an opposition. This worried, persuasive tone spoils the narrative, but will make no converts; for the lovableness of St. Francis is, of course, his trump card, and it is just that lovableness which some people cannot stomach. "In great things and in little," writes Mr. Boase of the saint, "he was constant . . . suddenly, with humorous ingenuity, asking the cooking brother if it were not taking thought for the morrow, when he soaked the dry beans overnight." If these sanctified little jokes appeal to one, all is well.

K. JOHN

A MONUMENTAL WORK

History of Parliament: Biographies of Members of the Commons House, 1439-1509. By COL. THE RT. HON. JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, D.S.O., M.P., in collaboration with ANNE D. HOLT, M.A. *H.M. Stationery Office.* £2.

This is the first volume of a History of Parliament, which is expected to extend to forty volumes, and the first of three volumes treating the period 1439–1509. It will be followed by a second, giving Lists of Parliaments and an analysis of each, and by a third analysing the preceding two, and making deductions "covering the whole field of political development and action throughout the century." This is a monumental volume of 984 pages of text, plus 53 pages of introduction, and contains 2,600 biographical notices of M.P.'s. To these another 1,200, Col. Wedgwood tells us, might be added if information about them were forthcoming, making a total of 3,800 members for the 29 parliaments of the period. The volume is admirably printed, with few misprints, and strongly bound, unfortunately in covers of a light blue colour guaranteed to show all thumb-marks without delay.

The Introduction is a curious mixture of fact and fancy. Roughly speaking, it divides into three classes of matter. There is some rash and very questionable historical generalisation; a valuable and important analysis of the offices and occupations of the M.P.'s; and a certain amount of rhetoric which could have been safely omitted. The hand of the amateur historian, and, indeed, of the amateur writer, is manifest throughout. The opening passage is unfortunate, because based upon a confusion between political power and constitutional rights. Thus we are told that the "power of parliament" declined during the period, whereas its constitutional power was not one whit less at the end of the period than it was at the beginning. We are told that "the authority of parliament waned," at the very time when it was receiving for the first time regular and invariable mention in the sanction to every statute. For these and other reasons, when we are informed that "all this it will be the business of these three volumes to illustrate, record, or deduce," we wonder whether the cart is not being put before a dead horse.

The only part of the Introduction that is a serious contribution to knowledge is that which analyses the offices and occupations of the M.P.'s. Here conclusions are drawn that will require the careful consideration of historians. We see, among other matters, how large a proportion of these 2,600 M.P.'s held offices under the Crown at one time or another, and to how great an extent the Crown had a hold over the personnel of the Commons. The crucial question, however, is not dealt with here, but no doubt will be later, namely—what proportion of M.P.'s were royal officers in any given parliament?

Col. Wedgwood is often misled by his enthusiasm. He is inclined to view the fifteenth century through modern spectacles, and to omit the less roseate side of fifteenth-century life. He implies democratic ideals that meant nothing to the men whose biographies he summarises. He thinks torture was rare when the *peine forte et dure* was common, and burning alive could be a judicial sentence even in a lay court. He discusses the morality of M.P.'s and others without mentioning how many of his M.P.'s were guilty of rape or abduction (even though he accuses Pilkington of rape, whereas the Year Book lets him off with abduction). Several sections of the Introduction, indeed, are so slight and one-sided as to be better omitted. The English construction, too, is sometimes so loose as to be almost unintelligible, and the punctuation so inexpert as to leave insoluble ambiguities. Rhetoric becomes fantastic when we are told that the modern M.P. "takes his place in a procession which has been filing by since the birth of English history."

The Biographies constitute an immense quarry whence much valuable ore can be dug. Nowhere else can we find in one place so much biographical data drawn from so limited a period. When it has all been digested and corrected, we shall know more about some aspects of the fifteenth century than we can of any other mediaeval period. Much of these biographies, however, as Col. Wedgwood says, is deduction. We could wish that a

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clearer line had been drawn between fact, deduction and surmise. Many corrections of detail are to be expected in such a work, but there is no excuse for the irrelevant or superfluous remarks that are sometimes dragged in. What Shakespeare said about Fitzwilliam does not matter; we want Fineux's own words without an allusion to radicalism; the connexion between Baynham and Don Quixote is not apparent; it is surprising to learn that Cromwell, "that good parliamentarian, was also a Welshman," and still more surprising to find the statement in a notice of David Cecil.

Numerous errors of fact and judgment stand out in this volume. But when all is said, historians of parliament and of the fifteenth century will owe to Col. Wedgwood and his collaborator a heavy debt for the enthusiasm and labour that have gone to make this unique and fascinating volume. Elsewhere comparison has been made between it and the D.N.B. and N.E.D. In bulk, scope and potentiality the comparison is justified. We can only hope that Col. Wedgwood will take every possible step to ensure that contrast between them in respect of scholarship shall be reduced to a minimum.

S. B. CHRIMES

GREEN NATURE

Through the Woods. By H. E. BATES. With 73 Engravings on Wood by AGNES MILLER PARKER. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book is a continuous essay winding its way like an intimate path through the English woodland from April to April. The author takes the lead, with his associate throwing out her charming little asides. They are the best work she has done, adding to her meticulous watchmaker skill a depth and freedom of tone and design. I have never before seen the texture of fur so sympathetically suggested in woodcut. Miss Parker is perhaps not quite so successful in her birds. They are sometimes a little too solid and carved. But there is one full-page plate in this book, a squirrel running down a bough of pine, amid cones and leaves, which gives one a sense of perfection. The air-fluffed fur, the skin and muscles beneath it, the nervous hesitation and grip upon the branch, all are expressed with an admirable economy of stroke.

The book has obviously been a holiday task for Mr. Bates, a release from the rigours of fiction. He has let himself go. But he is artist enough to make his self-release a gesture of discipline and authority. His prose retains its early fancifulness, but it is now restrained, and augmented with a deeper quality, mature experience one might call it, though that is hardly a definite enough phrase for a critic to indulge in. But the additional muscular force, the greater speed and hardness of Mr. Bates's paragraphic structure, so notable in his *House of Women*, is immediately evident in this essay, where he might have been expected to relax for a few sensuous moments with his muse's first love, green Nature, the siren of his early tales.

It is no exaggeration to say that now, at least in the power of evoking the scent, touch, sound and movement of the English scene, Mr. Bates is comparable to W. H. Hudson. He has a like faculty for suggesting lavishness by means of a simple statement, unadorned with adjectives. He had learned to balance his sensuous excitements of eye and ear against an ordered curiosity. He controls his rather dangerous, Keats-like responses to immediate impressions, as it were setting them aside to cool while he finds a place for them in his pattern. The intellectual intervention, paradoxically, only adds to the richness of the material, just as an ecstasy can often be heightened by sceptical examination. Here is an illustration of what I mean. The passage is, indeed, symbolical of the process by which he has perfected it.

> This fusion of wood and water is an entrancing thing. Without the wood the stream would be nothing: a mere thin watercourse winding through its flat meadows. Without the water the wood, on its slope and with its air of quietness and mystery and of being a world within itself, could not help being a constantly delightful thing. But water and wood, together, shading and watering and bounding each other, each gives to the other something which the other does not possess, the wood giving to the stream something solid and shadowy and immemorial, the stream giving to the wood all the incomparable movement and twinkling transcience of moving water, the tree shadows standing deep in the stream, the reflection of sunlight flickering a kind of water-light up into the shadowy branches of pine and alder. The wood and the water are here, in fact, for each other and with each other. It is a fusion that is almost perfect.

With the technique that can turn such a paragraph as that, so nicely balanced, the art so well hidden, Mr. Bates can explore where he likes, not only in the dark places of nature, but also of the mind. Here is an example of both being done together, the mental idiosyncrasy being made to re-create the scene; cause and effect mutually evocative.

> At one period of my life I did much walking by night: long vigorous walks out of the town into the surrounding country. It was a country that was almost treeless, but if I walked far enough I reached woods. Reaching them, I at once used to turn back. They had some powerful quality of darkness, some awful intimidating blackness that I could not face. I have been in woods too by day when I have been glad to get out of them again, to see the sky. It may indeed be that shutting out of the sky that feeds fear. There is an extraordinary comfort in the sight of the day, of clouds and sun by day, of starlight especially by night. Space and distance kill fear at once. It flourishes on littleness and confinement, and it is in the little spaces under the confined branches of woods that it flourishes at times almost into terror.

One could give many pictures from this book; cottage and pub interiors, country folk, foxes, birds, music of wind and branch, texture of mushrooms, the evil habits of game-keepers, a thousand-and-one facets of rustic life. They would all serve to explain why Mr. Bates is unique in his generation, a generation usually somewhat bored by nature-writers, being more concerned at the moment with economic and political frontiers than with what lies behind them.

RICHARD CHURCH

THE PEACE BABEL

Nearing the Abyss. By LORD DAVIES. *Constable.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Alternative to War. By CHARLES RODEN BUXTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 4*s.* 6*d.*
Alternative to Rearmament. By JONATHAN GRIFFIN. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

Rumours of war, conscription decrees, speeches at Conservative Conferences, all act as daily reminders of how deadly was the blow which the fall of Addis Ababa dealt to the whole flimsy edifice of collective peace. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has soon managed to console himself by gloating over his new air-force of "terrific striking power." The Archbishop of Canterbury has informed his flock that Christian duty now demands, not merely that we should take steps to prevent our wives and sisters from being raped, but also that we should guard against the more likely occurrence of our trade routes being tampered with. Church and State are busy patching up their old unholy alliance on the 1914 model. Others are eager to deduce from the Abyssinian fiasco a less distressing moral. This is the purpose of these three books. Each author is convinced that if only the course which he advocates were adopted something might be saved from the wreck.

Lord Davies has written a critical essay on League machinery. The structure set up in 1918 must be overhauled and our immediate efforts should be concentrated on the establishment of an Equity Tribunal and an International Police Force. By these means the League may gradually approximate more closely to the federal ideal. This dissertation on the implications of federalism is wholly admirable, but to discuss peace in such terms begs the real question. Lord Davies himself points out that in the early days there was a conflict between the French idea of "a League fully armed" and the British conception of a Round Table for discussion with the sanctions issue carefully secluded in the background. He even quotes Sir John Simon. "It is not the Anglo-Saxon habit to make defined engagements for undefined circumstances." This statement amounts to a categorical repudiation of the Covenant. Just at the moment, therefore, a treatise on Anglo-Saxon habits would have been more serviceable than a study of Genevan constitutions. Mr. Buxton's solution is hardly more realistic. The League has failed in its endeavours to maintain an unjust *status quo*. It has not failed in its task of securing justice among nations, because this work has never been attempted. A World Conference must be called, and a sincere effort made to satisfy the economic and colonial demands of the have-not powers. Such a Conference would, in fact, secure neither peace nor justice. For instance, what right has Mr. Buxton to class Russia, robbed and humiliated at the end of the war, as a satisfied nation? When does a have become a have-not power? There is only one answer; when its rulers squeal and bluster and make their followers prefer guns to butter. If the causes of war are economic, they must be shown to depend on the working of the social system, not on some crude assessment of geographical opportunities. Finally, Mr. Griffin's solution of purely defensive armaments. He has ransacked the pronouncements of every military strategist in three continents

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C. K. Cuson 19

and got together the most blood-curdling descriptions of the power of the air weapon ever assembled in one book. Having worked the reader into an acute sense of fright, he then offers a solution, ready-made and plausible, and it takes a strong nerve to raise even a quibble. Since every aeroplane built in competition brings destruction imminently nearer, we must concentrate on defence without menace, store food, scrap the navy and forget we ever had an empire. It might work, but unfortunately Mr. Neville Chamberlain and his friends are not so susceptible to these nerve-racking arguments as we poor pacifists.

The schemes suggested in all these three books are, in fact, trick solutions. Three reasonable persons devise their own plans by the pure light of logic without adequately considering the factors conditioning their application. (The fact that the three reasonable persons arrive at three contradictory solutions must for the moment be overlooked.) The post-war years should surely have persuaded us that the fight for peace is largely a struggle for power within the sovereign countries themselves. In this country we have been governed by men who treated Germany with sullen obstinacy when her rulers were civilised, but with nervous acquiescence when they turned barbarian. In the past eighteen months they have entered into negotiations to give the Baltic to Hitler, Abyssinia to Mussolini, Spain to General Franco. When Italians threatened Egypt they rushed ships to the Mediterranean. When they tore up the Covenant they held a Conference about an oil sanction. History since 1931 should convince us. Our rulers prefer Fascism to Socialism; they will fight for empire, but not for law. To demand peace from such persons is to gull the public; to expect them to abandon their empire is to cry for the moon. In each country of the world, however, there are other persons who demand peace without at the same time demanding these things which are incompatible with peace. The scene of their struggle has shifted from Germany, to Austria, to France, now to Spain. Plans for peace which leave out of account these class frontiers across Europe are never likely to bring us salvation.

MICHAEL FOOT

THE PRESS

Press Parade. By HAMILTON FYFE. *Watts.* 2s. 6d.

The English Press. By JANE SOAMES, with a Preface by HILAIRE BELLOC. *Stanley Nott.* 3s. 6d.

It is difficult to write an honest book about the press and still more difficult to analyse the political, economic and psychological influences which make the British press the peculiar institution it is to-day. Both these books are sincere efforts to tell the truth and both are useful. Neither of them goes very deep. Miss Soames includes a competent and informative chapter on the law of libel, compares the press in England and France and discusses with amusing examples both the snobbery of the British public and our national habit of declaring, whatever we do, that we are the admiration of the world. She has a number of pertinent observations to make about the influence of the press, its relation to the public, and is outspoken about the results of commercial journalism. She ends with an inconclusive chapter about education.

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe writes from long daily experience of big national newspapers. He is quite unusually candid about the relation between advertising and journalism. He tells the story of the commercialisation of the British press and urges that its present function is to maintain the *status quo* of capitalism. His book is full of good illustrations of how the press works to-day and it is enlivened by an ingenious device borrowed from the modern newspaper. The text is interspersed with telling quotations in "boxes." Here is Lord Beaverbrook reminding us that "the big draper is the biggest customer of the press"; here is Lord Bryce on the Money Power of the press; Sir Norman Angell and J. A. Spender on the press as a public entertainer, and R. D. Blumenfeld pointing out that a newspaper no longer depends "on its circulation or the value it gives as a newspaper." And here is an old rhyme, which is worth thinking about:

> Tickle the public and make them grin;
> The more you tickle, the more you'll win.
> Teach the public, you'll never grow rich,
> You'll live like a beggar and die in a ditch.

Mr. Fyfe's book is, in effect, an elaboration of this text. Press proprietors want to grow rich and to keep the riches in the hands of those who already possess them; therefore, a surfeit of tickling and propaganda.

HOW IT COULD BE DONE

Britain Without Capitalists. By VARIOUS WRITERS. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 8s. 6d.

There is a good deal to be said for the urgent need of two types of Socialist economics. One is the theoretical type which answers the argument of critics like Hayek and Mises that national planning is impossible save under the market conditions made possible by the competitive pricing of a capitalist economy. Some work of this kind has been done, notably by Carl Landauer; but it still remains the outstanding theoretical need of Socialism. The other need is for a realistic economic study of particular industries and the way in which they would work in a Socialist economy. On this head, some material is beginning to accumulate about the experience of Soviet Russia; but in neither quantity nor quality is it yet adequate.

The present book does not help very much. It is a rapid survey of the main British industries in which the writers point out with vigour and, often enough, considerable knowledge the defects of our present structure and then proceed to explain that things would be much better under Socialism. They give a series of possible pictures of organisation; but nothing much more emerges on the positive side than a number of patterns and an insistence that when vested interests are removed an economy of abundance becomes possible. That is probably true, and there is always an advantage in seeing how men who have given attention to an industry would set about remaking it.

The weakness of the book is its assumption of the transformation of Great Britain into a Socialist State without the need to pay compensation to the present owners of the instruments of production. The writers of the book are presumably Marxists, and they must therefore be aware that such expropriation is hardly likely without heavy fighting. It is curious, therefore, to find that they assume the transformation to have occurred in circumstances which, seemingly, leave the whole productive apparatus uninjured and unimpaired in capacity. This assumption gives an unrealistic tinge to the whole edifice which makes its value depend almost wholly on its account of the weaknesses of the present order. This, without being very new, is freshly and pointedly written.

A special word of praise is due to the last chapter which treats of the position of the scientist and the technician. Here the inadequacies of the present situation are described with pungent effectiveness; and the writer's hopes for the future are amply justified by what we know of the very different position in the Soviet Union.

H. J. LASKI

SHORTER NOTICES

The Abdication of Edward VIII. By J. LINCOLN WHITE. *Routledge.* 2s. 6d.

After a few opening paragraphs of conventional journalism about a drama that had enthralled the world and made the ship that took the Duke of Windsor abroad the cynosure of a hushed world and all that, Mr. Lincoln White gets down to his business of recording with commendably little comment the already published facts leading to the King's abdication. There is nothing remarkable about this record; it makes no attempt to tell the "inside story" and none to interpret its sociological significance. The book will, however, be useful to those who want to remember the order of events and to have for reference the verbatim report of such documents as Mr. Churchill's statement to the press urging patience, Mr. Baldwin's announcements in the House and the King's final broadcast.

Prelude to Chemistry. By JOHN READ. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

This is the first exhaustive book we have met on the fascinating subject of alchemy—a word which, as some may not know, is derived from *al Khem*, the Islamic name for Egypt. As Mr. Read shows, in enormous detail, the science is an exceedingly old one, though its principles remained the same in all countries—the masculine and feminine principles called *Yin-Yang* in China, Isis and Osiris in Egypt, sulphur and mercury in Western Europe—the positive and negative signs—the interaction of which were held to have given rise to everything. The thesis of this book, as far as it can be said to have one, is that alchemy was far from being mere mumbo-jumbo, though magic (and hence poetry) always played a large part in it. The alchemists were not only concerned to discover the Philosopher's Stone or the Elixir of Life: their experiments were the foundation of modern science and medicine, as the career of the greatest of them, Paracelsus, goes to show. That they invented and believed a great deal of fantastic nonsense as well, impugns neither their sincerity nor the value of their researches: their gropings were not on the whole more foolish than those of the pioneers of any other study, and they at least produced many ideas that are both entertaining

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The Nineteenth Century and After for January contains an article putting forward the solution of the economic problem, by A. G. McGREGOR, author of "The Correct Economy for the Machine Age" (Pitman).

SOCIAL CREDIT

LECTURES & STUDIES

Courses of lectures in Social Credit leading to the Diploma examination will begin in London, the provinces, and abroad on January 11th. Particulars of syllabus and fees from The Social Credit Secretariat Limited, 163a, Strand, W.C.2.

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FRIDAYS at 8.0 p.m.

"Life in Soviet Russia"

Jan. 15th—History of the Revolution by P. A. Sloan, B.A. Mr. Sloan lived in Russia from 1930 to 1935
Feb. 19th—Religion in the U.S.S.R. by Rev. Victor Moody.
Mar. 19th—Domestic Relations in the U.S.S.R. by Beatrice King. Chair: Sir Bernard Pares.
April 16th—Soviet Literature, Art and the Theatre.
TICKETS (2/6 or 1/- for each lecture, 7/6 or 3/- for the course) from West Central F.S.C., 12, Torrington Square, W.C.1.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

YOU must read the new pamphlet "FOR CHRIST'S SAKE," by LAWRENCE MURPITT. Price 3d. from Collet's or 56 Westbourne Avenue, Hull.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers are reminded that instructions regarding a change of address should be received not later than first post on Wednesday morning. The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

and beautiful, even if subsequently proved untrue. This is a book to read *in*, rather than *through*, for the matter is indigestibly presented and the style not particularly lively. But the illustrations are a delight and there is hardly a page that does not contain some curious and little-known piece of information. One gets the same kind of pleasure from it as from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The Shooting Man's England. By PATRICK CHALMERS. *Seeley Service.* 8s. 6d.

This is the first volume of a series which will describe the various aspects of "the English scene." The book opens with historical chapters on guns and shooting, and recalls the quite recent times when the practice of driving grouse or partridge, and the rearing and preservation of pheasants were still unknown. More energy, but less skill, was demanded from our ancestors, who were obliged to "walk up" their game. "They were simple souls, these ancestors of ours, with few interests in life apart from killing things." In the more sophisticated sport of to-day the author records that £250 is the tip which a wealthy American presents to his head keeper at the end of a fortnight's shooting on his grouse moor in Scotland. The modern shooting-man, however, is doing his best to encourage and restore the rarer hawks and falcons, which his ancestors endeavoured to exterminate. Mr. Chalmers writes sympathetically of poachers and vermin. He speaks kindly of the badger as "the friendly old plantigrade in the coat that the moons of centuries have silvered"; but he has no love for the three foreign importations, the brown rat, the grey squirrel and the little owl. It is stated that one buck rat killed fifty-two six-weeks-old pheasant poults in a single night, and that one doe rat can produce 35,000 descendants in a year. Modern ornithological opinion, however, is now less inclined to see eye to eye with Mr. Chalmers with regard to the enormities of the little owl.

The Philosophy of Economics. An Essay on Economy and Value. By A. L. MACFIE. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

It is not perhaps strictly necessary, before embarking on the study of Mr. MacFie's essay, to have read Professor Robbins' Essay on the Nature and Significance of Economic Science; but it is highly advisable. For this book is one long argument *ad hominem*, conceived in admiration but carried out with rather disconcerting results. Economics, said Professor Robbins five years ago, is the science which studies human behaviour as a relationship between ends and scarce means which have alternative uses. It is positive, not normative; concerned neither with technique nor with ethics, but purely with the congruity or otherwise of human choices in its logically determined field. Mr. MacFie is convinced but dissatisfied; he feels that the positive science of economics thus defined needs supplementing. Accepting the scarcity principle, he proceeds accordingly to apply it all round in the search for an ultimate value of economy ranking with other values and providing a foundation for a normative science. Thereupon his essay, leaving far behind the subject-matter of economics as understood by the man in the street, wanders through the fields of literature, art, music, morality, even the technique of games, illustrating in each the element of economy as a final constituent of value. Few will consider his case proved. Even granted that economy in the widest sense is, socially and artistically, an end in itself, still it is subordinate to other ends, and on these it can throw no light. The economist cannot make decisions for the citizen; he can only illuminate and analyse the data on which those decisions can be made. But if to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, Mr. MacFie is to be congratulated. He is fertile in illustration, provocative in thought, courteous in his controversial manner and full of contagious enthusiasm; and there can be few seriously interested in the role of economics in the body of human thought who would not find interest and enjoyment in his pages.

John Tweed, Sculptor: A Memoir. *Lovat Dickson.* 12s. 6d.

This memoir of John Tweed admirably presents the able, touchy, quarrelsome, generous man who throughout his career was generally, at the centre of a broil, laying about him lustily. Here is the man who stood up to Rhodes and denied and defied him even when his patronage was vital; the man who fought his way gallantly and triumphantly through the hubbub raised by Poynter and the Academicians over Tweed's completion of Stevens's design for the Wellington Tomb. It is curious now to read of Tweed denounced as a dangerous innovator and then turn to the admirable photographs of his work that adorn the memoir. Here surely is nothing for academic tears, for if the statues here pictured never affront either taste or intelligence, they never depart from the classic and Renaissance traditions on which they were founded. As for the man himself, with his sturdy independence, his industry and his courage, it is a pleasure to meet him, even in a book.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 355

Set by V. Sackville-West

A First Prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a conversation between well-known characters from contemporary fiction. The characters may range from Jeeves to Stephen Dedalus, but additional marks will be acquired by competitors whose contribution suggests a consecutive and coherent story. Not less than six characters must be introduced; and, of course, the more the better. For the benefit of the judge, competitors must append the names of their characters in brackets. Entries must not be more than 400 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 8th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 353

Set by G. W. Stonier

Imagine that you receive a letter from a publisher asking you to contribute a short piece, in prose or verse, to a modern bestiary. He adds "Choose any animal you like, living, extinct or mythical; but remember, if you write about creatures as familiar as the cat or the monkey, I shall expect you to show some originality in your writing. You may give a portrait, such as the eighteenth-century Character writers provided of human types; or a fable (using, of course, as many animals as you please). You may be moral like Aesop, human and poetical like La Fontaine, lyrical and comic like Jules Renard, exactly recondite like Miss Marianne Moore, topical and surrealist in the manner of Mr. Walt Disney. The surprise poem which ends 'For she was only a water rat' would be a good formula to start from, if you can use it in your own way. I do not mention these names to bewilder you, or necessarily to serve you as models. Any style, any method will do, so long as it helps you to give a living glimpse of some animal. The briefer the better. Do not hesitate to send as many pieces as you like, for me to choose from." Usual prizes.

Report by G. W. Stonier

I had not expected so many replies (nearly fifty). The subject seemed recondite, and, owing to Christmas, competitors had one day less than usual. But up to the last minute they came in by express letter, by hand; some people sent in as many as a dozen pieces. I have got more pleasure from reading these entries than from any competition I have set. They were fresh, ingenious and often charming. As usual I received one letter from a gentleman who did not care for the competition but could not resist punning on my name. There were a few political allegories—not very good. "Creepin' Jesus" submitted *An Address to the Holy Ghost of Christianity's Past and Present* followed by a *Poem in Lighter Mood;* but in neither of these could I discover an animal real or fanciful. There was a dearth, by the way, of good heraldic, mythical and nonsensical beasts. But the living animals, from bugs and earthworms to rhinoceroses and whales, were delightful. Pigs in antiquity:

> . . . We were a hibernating clan
> And thriftily while summer ran
> We rooted in the forest glade
> (And Man beside us plied his spade).
>
> And so, industrious and clean,
> Swift on our trotters, active, lean,
> Our softly grunting herds moved by . . .

C. FRASER.

London Amusements

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All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

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DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.

DUKE OF YORK'S. The Astonished Ostrich. Wed. & Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. W., Th., S.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.

KINGSWAY. Buckie's Bears. Daily 2.30.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Th., Sats.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Thur., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Mon., Wed., Th., Sat.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Daily 2.30.

ST. JAMES'. Pride & Prejudice. W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Till the Cows Come Home. Tues. & Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Th., Sat.

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A seasonable story of carnival adventure
"CONFETTI" (U), with
HANS MOSER, LEO SLEZAK,
FRIEDL CZEPA and **"SCROOGE"** (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
Monday, 4th January, for SEVEN DAYS
THE ORIGINAL FILM of
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT (U).
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"THE ROAD TO LIFE"
—See this famous SOVIET SOUND-FILM
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on FRI., JAN. 8th, at 6.30 & 9 p.m.
at **CENTRAL CLUB HALL,**
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WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

CONCERTS

AN EVENING OF MUSIC
AT THE
WIGMORE HALL,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 8.30 p.m.
SONG AND SONATA RECITAL.
Dorothy Robson,
Janet Wheeler,
Katharine Danvers,
in works by
E. WOLFF, DEBUSSY, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, Etc.
Tickets, 9/-, 5/9, 3/-, from Box Office, Wigmore Hall, W.1.

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CROYDON Repertory.
Daily 2.30 & 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Charley's Aunt. By Brandon Thomas.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Grand Opera House.
The Scarlet Pimpernel.
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If I Were King. By Justin Huntley M'Carthy.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

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The Philosophy of Economics. An Essay on Economy and Value. By A. L. MACFIE. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

It is not perhaps strictly necessary, before embarking on the study of Mr. MacFie's essay, to have read Professor Robbins' Essay on the Nature and Significance of Economic Science; but it is highly advisable. For this book is one long argument *ad hominem*, conceived in admiration but carried out with rather disconcerting results. Economics, said Professor Robbins five years ago, is the science which studies human behaviour as a relationship between ends and scarce means which have alternative uses. It is positive, not normative; concerned neither with technique nor with ethics, but purely with the congruity or otherwise of human choices in its logically determined field. Mr. MacFie is convinced but dissatisfied; he feels that the positive science of economics thus defined needs supplementing. Accepting the scarcity principle, he proceeds accordingly to apply it all round in the search for an ultimate value of economy ranking with other values and providing a foundation for a normative science. Thereupon his essay, leaving far behind the subject-matter of economics as understood by the man in the street, wanders through the fields of literature, art, music, morality, even the technique of games, illustrating in each the element of economy as a final constituent of value. Few will consider his case proved. Even granted that economy in the widest sense is, socially and artistically, an end in itself, still it is subordinate to other ends, and on these it can throw no light. The economist cannot make decisions for the citizen; he can only illuminate and analyse the data on which those decisions can be made. But if to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, Mr. MacFie is to be congratulated. He is fertile in illustration, provocative in thought, courteous in his controversial manner and full of contagious enthusiasm; and there can be few seriously interested in the role of economics in the body of human thought who would not find interest and enjoyment in his pages.

John Tweed, Sculptor: A Memoir. *Lovat Dickson.* 12s. 6d.

This memoir of John Tweed admirably presents the able, touchy, quarrelsome, generous man who throughout his career was generally, at the centre of a broil, laying about him lustily. Here is the man who stood up to Rhodes and denied and defied him even when his patronage was vital; the man who fought his way gallantly and triumphantly through the hubbub raised by Poynter and the Academicians over Tweed's completion of Stevens's design for the Wellington Tomb. It is curious now to read of Tweed denounced as a dangerous innovator and then turn to the admirable photographs of his work that adorn the memoir. Here surely is nothing for academic tears, for if the statues here pictured never affront either taste or intelligence, they never depart from the classic and Renaissance traditions on which they were founded. As for the man himself, with his sturdy independence, his industry and his courage, it is a pleasure to meet him, even in a book.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 355

Set by V. Sackville-West

A First Prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a conversation between well-known characters from contemporary fiction. The characters may range from Jeeves to Stephen Dedalus, but additional marks will be acquired by competitors whose contribution suggests a consecutive and coherent story. Not less than six characters must be introduced; and, of course, the more the better. For the benefit of the judge, competitors must append the names of their characters in brackets. Entries must not be more than 400 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 8th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 353

Set by G. W. Stonier

Imagine that you receive a letter from a publisher asking you to contribute a short piece, in prose or verse, to a modern bestiary. He adds "Choose any animal you like, living, extinct or mythical; but remember, if you write about creatures as familiar as the cat or the monkey, I shall expect you to show some originality in your writing. You may give a portrait, such as the eighteenth-century Character writers provided of human types; or a fable (using, of course, as many animals as you please). You may be moral like Aesop, human and poetical like La Fontaine, lyrical and comic like Jules Renard, exactly recondite like Miss Marianne Moore, topical and surrealist in the manner of Mr. Walt Disney. The surprise poem which ends 'For she was only a water rat' would be a good formula to start from, if you can use it in your own way. I do not mention these names to bewilder you, or necessarily to serve you as models. Any style, any method will do, so long as it helps you to give a living glimpse of some animal. The briefer the better. Do not hesitate to send as many pieces as you like, for me to choose from." Usual prizes.

Report by G. W. Stonier

I had not expected so many replies (nearly fifty). The subject seemed recondite, and, owing to Christmas, competitors had one day less than usual. But up to the last minute they came in by express letter, by hand; some people sent in as many as a dozen pieces. I have got more pleasure from reading these entries than from any competition I have set. They were fresh, ingenious and often charming. As usual I received one letter from a gentleman who did not care for the competition but could not resist punning on my name. There were a few political allegories—not very good. "Creepin' Jesus" submitted *An Address to the Holy Ghost of Christianity's Past and Present* followed by a *Poem in Lighter Mood;* but in neither of these could I discover an animal real or fanciful. There was a dearth, by the way, of good heraldic, mythical and nonsensical beasts. But the living animals, from bugs and earthworms to rhinoceroses and whales, were delightful. Pigs in antiquity:

> . . . We were a hibernating clan
> And thriftily while summer ran
> We rooted in the forest glade
> (And Man beside us plied his spade).
>
> And so, industrious and clean,
> Swift on our trotters, active, lean,
> Our softly grunting herds moved by . . .

C. FRASER.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Astonished Ostrich.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. W., Th., S.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.

KINGSWAY. Buckie's Bears. Daily 2.30.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Th., Sats.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Thur., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Mon., Wed., Th., Sat.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Daily 2.30.

ST. JAMES'. Pride & Prejudice. W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues. & Fri.
Till the Cows Come Home.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Th., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Waste. Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
Daily, 2 & 7.30. PRINCE LITTLER'S Pantomime
CINDERELLA
EDNA BEST. LUPINO LANE.
MADGE ELLIOTT. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10 to 12/6 (unres. 3/-).
Nightly (exc. Mons.), 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
by T. S. ELIOT. Robert Speaight as "BECKET."
"One of the most beautiful plays ever produced."
—*The Queen.*

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.30, Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.
Mackenzie Ward. Nora Swinburne. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. OVER 350 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Last Wks. EVENINGS, 8.15.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. DAILY 2 & 8.
Grand Pantomime, **MOTHER GOOSE**
Florence Desmond. Markova & Dolin. George Lacy.
Chili Bouchier & Company of 100.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. Holborn 9617.
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TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 5.30.
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ALMA TAYLOR. 10s. 6d. to 2s. all bookable.

LYRIC, Shaftesbury Avenue. (Ger. 3686.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**

PALACE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PHŒNIX. Tem. 8611. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Th. & S., 2.30
"HELL-FOR-LEATHER!"
with BERNARD NEDELL.
By Barré Lyndon.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 300 PERFS. Whi. 7774.
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NANCY PRICE in
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TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.30.
JEAN CLYDE in
MARIGOLD. 12/6 to 2/6. All Seats Bookable.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
The Jane Austen Novel. Dramatised by Helen Jerome.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. TEM. BAR 1443 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., Sats., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"HEART'S CONTENT."

STRAND. Tem. 2660. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
London's Longest and Loudest Laugh.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Last 2 Weeks).
WASTE, by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER
with NICHOLAS HANNEN.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Jan. 7, 14, 2.30.
MADGE ISABEL GREER
TITHERADGE JEANS GARSON in
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This is the first volume of a series which will describe the various aspects of "the English scene." The book opens with historical chapters on guns and shooting, and recalls the quite recent times when the practice of driving grouse or partridge, and the rearing and preservation of pheasants were still unknown. More energy, but less skill, was demanded from our ancestors, who were obliged to "walk up" their game. "They were simple souls, these ancestors of ours, with few interests in life apart from killing things." In the more sophisticated sport of to-day the author records that £250 is the tip which a wealthy American presents to his head keeper at the end of a fortnight's shooting on his grouse moor in Scotland. The modern shooting-man, however, is doing his best to encourage and restore the rarer hawks and falcons, which his ancestors endeavoured to exterminate. Mr. Chalmers writes sympathetically of poachers and vermin. He speaks kindly of the badger as "the friendly old plantigrade in the coat that the moons of centuries have silvered"; but he has no love for the three foreign importations, the brown rat, the grey squirrel and the little owl. It is stated that one buck rat killed fifty-two six-weeks-old pheasant poults in a single night, and that one doe rat can produce 35,000 descendants in a year. Modern ornithological opinion, however, is now less inclined to see eye to eye with Mr. Chalmers with regard to the enormities of the little owl.

The Philosophy of Economics. An Essay on Economy and Value. By A. L. MACFIE. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is not perhaps strictly necessary, before embarking on the study of Mr. MacFie's essay, to have read Professor Robbins' Essay on the Nature and Significance of Economic Science; but it is highly advisable. For this book is one long argument *ad hominem*, conceived in admiration but carried out with rather disconcerting results. Economics, said Professor Robbins five years ago, is the science which studies human behaviour as a relationship between ends and scarce means which have alternative uses. It is positive, not normative; concerned neither with technique nor with ethics, but purely with the congruity or otherwise of human choices in its logically determined field. Mr. MacFie is convinced but dissatisfied; he feels that the positive science of economics thus defined needs supplementing. Accepting the scarcity principle, he proceeds accordingly to apply it all round in the search for an ultimate value of economy ranking with other values and providing a foundation for a normative science. Thereupon his essay, leaving far behind the subject-matter of economics as understood by the man in the street, wanders through the fields of literature, art, music, morality, even the technique of games, illustrating in each the element of economy as a final constituent of value. Few will consider his case proved. Even granted that economy in the widest sense is, socially and artistically, an end in itself, still it is subordinate to other ends, and on these it can throw no light. The economist cannot make decisions for the citizen; he can only illuminate and analyse the data on which those decisions can be made. But if to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, Mr. MacFie is to be congratulated. He is fertile in illustration, provocative in thought, courteous in his controversial manner and full of contagious enthusiasm; and there can be few seriously interested in the role of economics in the body of human thought who would not find interest and enjoyment in his pages.

John Tweed, Sculptor: A Memoir. *Lovat Dickson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This memoir of John Tweed admirably presents the able, touchy, quarrelsome, generous man who throughout his career was generally, at the centre of a broil, laying about him lustily. Here is the man who stood up to Rhodes and denied and defied him even when his patronage was vital; the man who fought his way gallantly and triumphantly through the hubbub raised by Poynter and the Academicians over Tweed's completion of Stevens's design for the Wellington Tomb. It is curious now to read of Tweed denounced as a dangerous innovator and then turn to the admirable photographs of his work that adorn the memoir. Here surely is nothing for academic tears, for if the statues here pictured never affront either taste or intelligence, they never depart from the classic and Renaissance traditions on which they were founded. As for the man himself, with his sturdy independence, his industry and his courage, it is a pleasure to meet him, even in a book.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 355

Set by V. Sackville-West

A First Prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a conversation between well-known characters from contemporary fiction. The characters may range from Jeeves to Stephen Dedalus, but additional marks will be acquired by competitors whose contribution suggests a consecutive and coherent story. Not less than six characters must be introduced; and, of course, the more the better. For the benefit of the judge, competitors must append the names of their characters in brackets. Entries must not be more than 400 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 8th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 353

Set by G. W. Stonier

Imagine that you receive a letter from a publisher asking you to contribute a short piece, in prose or verse, to a modern bestiary. He adds "Choose any animal you like, living, extinct or mythical; but remember, if you write about creatures as familiar as the cat or the monkey, I shall expect you to show some originality in your writing. You may give a portrait, such as the eighteenth-century Character writers provided of human types; or a fable (using, of course, as many animals as you please). You may be moral like Aesop, human and poetical like La Fontaine, lyrical and comic like Jules Renard, exactly recondite like Miss Marianne Moore, topical and surrealist in the manner of Mr. Walt Disney. The surprise poem which ends 'For she was only a water rat' would be a good formula to start from, if you can use it in your own way. I do not mention these names to bewilder you, or necessarily to serve you as models. Any style, any method will do, so long as it helps you to give a living glimpse of some animal. The briefer the better. Do not hesitate to send as many pieces as you like, for me to choose from." Usual prizes.

Report by G. W. Stonier

I had not expected so many replies (nearly fifty). The subject seemed recondite, and, owing to Christmas, competitors had one day less than usual. But up to the last minute they came in by express letter, by hand; some people sent in as many as a dozen pieces. I have got more pleasure from reading these entries than from any competition I have set. They were fresh, ingenious and often charming. As usual I received one letter from a gentleman who did not care for the competition but could not resist punning on my name. There were a few political allegories—not very good. "Creepin' Jesus" submitted *An Address to the Holy Ghost of Christianity's Past and Present* followed by a *Poem in Lighter Mood;* but in neither of these could I discover an animal real or fanciful. There was a dearth, by the way, of good heraldic, mythical and nonsensical beasts. But the living animals, from bugs and earthworms to rhinoceroses and whales, were delightful. Pigs in antiquity:

> . . . We were a hibernating clan
> And thriftily while summer ran
> We rooted in the forest glade
> (And Man beside us plied his spade).
>
> And so, industrious and clean,
> Swift on our trotters, active, lean,
> Our softly grunting herds moved by . . .

C. FRASER.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W., Th., S.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat. The Astonished Ostrich.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. W., Th., S.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.

KINGSWAY. Buckie's Bears. Daily 2.30.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Th., Sats.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather!" Thur., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Mon., Wed., Th., Sat.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Daily 2.30.

ST. JAMES'. Pride & Prejudice. W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues. & Fri. Till the Cows Come Home.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Th., Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Waste. Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161. Daily, 2 & 7.30. PRINCE LITTLER'S Pantomime
CINDERELLA
EDNA BEST. LUPINO LANE.
MADGE ELLIOTT. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON, ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 4/10 to 12/6 (unres. 3/-). Nightly (exc. Mons.), 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
by T. S. ELIOT. Robert Speaight as "BECKET."
"One of the most beautiful plays ever produced." —*The Queen.*

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.30, Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.
Mackenzie Ward. Nora Swinburne. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. OVER 350 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Last Wks. EVENINGS, 8.15. Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. DAILY 2 & 8.
Grand Pantomime, **MOTHER GOOSE**
Florence Desmond. Markova & Dolin. George Lacy. Chili Bouchier & Company of 100.

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ALMA TAYLOR. 10*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* all bookable.

LYRIC, Shaftesbury Avenue. (Ger. 3686.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**

PALACE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PHŒNIX. Tem. 8611. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Th. & S., 2.30
"HELL-FOR-LEATHER!"
with BERNARD NEDELL.
By Barré Lyndon.

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Evgs., 8.30 (Ex. Mon.) Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
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CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

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TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.30.
JEAN CLYDE in
MARIGOLD. 12/6 to 2/6. All Seats Bookable.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
The Jane Austen Novel. Dramatised by Helen Jerome.
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ST. MARTIN'S. TEM. BAR 1443 & 4.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
TILL THE COWS COME HOME.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., Sats., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"HEART'S CONTENT."

STRAND. Tem. 2660. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
London's Longest and Loudest Laugh.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Last 2 Weeks).
WASTE, by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER
with NICHOLAS HANNEN.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. 8.30. Wed., Sat. & Jan. 7, 14, 2.30.
MADGE ISABEL GREER
TITHERADGE JEANS GARSON in
"MADEMOISELLE."

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
A seasonable story of carnival adventure
"CONFETTI" (U), with
HANS MOSER, LEO SLEZAK,
FRIEDL CZEPA and **"SCROOGE"** (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
Monday, 4th January, for SEVEN DAYS
THE ORIGINAL FILM of
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT (U).
and *EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES* (U) (Eng. vers.)

"THE ROAD TO LIFE"
—See this famous SOVIET SOUND-FILM
and latest **Spanish News-Reel**
on FRI., JAN. 8th, at 6.30 & 9 p.m.
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Tickets: 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, from HOLBORN FILM SOC., 5 GREAT ORMOND ST., W.C.1.

RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

CONCERTS

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SONG AND SONATA RECITAL.
Dorothy Robson,
Janet Wheeler,
Katharine Danvers,
in works by
E. WOLFF, DEBUSSY, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, Etc.
Tickets, 9/-, 5/9, 3/-, from Box Office, Wigmore Hall, W.1.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Daily 2.30 & 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Charley's Aunt. By Brandon Thomas.

HARROGATE White Rose Players.
Grand Opera House.
The Scarlet Pimpernel.
By Baroness Orczy & Montague Barstow.

HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Lady Precious Stream. By S. I. Hsiung.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Spring Tide. By George Bellam & J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Saturday, 2.30 & 7.30. Evgs., 7.30.
If I Were King. By Justin Huntley M'Carthy.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

POETIC DRAMA

TOWN HALL, Brentwood, Essex. Saturday, Jan. 9th, 3 o'clock, "SEED OF ADAM." A new poetic drama of unusual interest by Charles Williams, author of "Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury." T. S. ELIOT, Esq., will speak after the performance. Tickets 5*s.* (reserved), 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*, from MISS P. M. POTTER, Gt. Waltham, Chelmsford.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR the last three years Leslie Clark's Bramleys have won all premier awards at Essex Commercial Fruit Show. Abt. 40 lbs., 7*s.* 6*d.*, carr. fwd.; abt. 20 lbs., 6*s.* carr. paid; abt. 10 lbs., 3*s.* 6*d.*, carr. paid. WALTERS, Galleywood, Chelmsford.

DIGESTION TROUBLES. St. Francis Dietary Hospital, 19A Red Lion Square. Wednesdays, 10.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1*s.* 0*d* Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3*s* PHONE REGENT 1438–9.

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WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE, 1913 Palace Gate, W.8.

SONGS, Poems, wanted for broadcasting. Good royalties, EUROPEAN BROADCASTING SERVICES, 197 Victoria Street, London.

"THE POET," No. 4, Now on Sale, Price 10*d.* Post Free. Specimen Copy Magazine, 6*d.* THE CELANDINE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Balerno, Midlothian.

Pigs for dinner:

Some like trotters best. I am
Partial to a well cured ham
And when I eat it can but choose
To feel some pity for the Jews. . . .

JOAN VINER.

Tiger (reply to Blake):

. . . Bright they may be at the Zoo
In a jungle 'twould not do.
They wear stripes to let them pass
Unobserved among the grass.

MAUD GILL.

Lizard:

The lizard shoots his scarlet tongue
Embarbs a passing fly;
Then blissful lids close down upon
The jewel of his eye.

Upon a stone a throbbing lung,
Upon that lung a wanton tread:
He's dead—my pygmy crocodile,
My sleeper on a lotus isle,
My elongated curling smile—
flat dead!

M. R. DAVIES.

Earthworm:

. . . Yet these few facts stand unassailed at least—
The earthworm is a small elusive beast,
In outlook limited, in body neat,
Untrammelled by the irrelevance of feet.

LILIAN TURNER.

Frog:

There is no reason why I should disguise my contempt for the frog.

NICHOLAS MOORE.

I have no room to quote more. Prizes divided equally between M.R.D., A. K. Milne and Nicholas Moore.

"Death is an elephant . . ." (*Vachel Lindsay*).

When Jumbo jumped upon my chest,
I could not lift him up:
With tusks he pierced my sunken breast
And sucked my blood—sip-sup.

I turned me over in my bed,
He climbed upon my back:
His trunk chastised me till I bled:
My ribs were blue and black.

In the sick night, his breath was blight;
And through his trunk I saw,
Down tubes of suffocating fright,
His thick, Infernal Jaw.

M.R.D.

PARROT

For she was only a she
was only a she was
swinging and singing and
swinging and singing and
she was only a swinging
and singing and swinging
and she was a universal
and quite unnecessary
symbol of a she was
the universal symbol of
unnecessary repetitions,
a parrot a she was.

NICHOLAS MOORE.

THE RHINOCEROS

No animal is such a steady old josser as
the rhinoceros.

Alike to prods with umbrellas and pats on the back he
presents a derm uncompromisingly pachy;
unspoilt, without pride,
placing a simple trust in his hide.

He doesn't seem to care
about vulnerability from the air;
I suppose anyone'd feel
pretty tough under three inches of peel.

No animal is so impervious to the public stare
as old hornface there.
(Personally, I should hate
to have people watching me mate.)

With Mr. Durante
and the elephant, he
shares the prize for best noses.
(Highly commended: Moses.)

Anyone'd be proud to inherit a
parkful of rhinocerata.

It would be absurd
not to mention the bird
which lives, blandly tolerated, casually tolerating,
on the dorsal armour plating.
Or is it on the hippo? I've forgotten;
my natural history is rotten.

That's all *I* know
about the rhino.

A. K. MILNE.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 209.—THE LITERARY LEAGUE

Eight teams competed in the football (Association) contest of the Literary League. Matches took place on seven consecutive Saturdays, each team playing each of the others once, and the final table was as follows:

Pos'n	Team.	W.	D.	L.	Goals. F.	Goals. A.	Pts.
1	Lawrence Lurchers ..	3	3	1	7	3	9
2	Drinkwater Dreadnoughts ..	2	4	1	2	1	8
3	Masefield Mudlarks	3	2	2	5	5	8
4	Shavian Shovellers	2	3	2	4	3	7
5	Hemingway Harriers ..	2	3	2	4	4	7
6	Huxley Heeltaps	0	6	1	1	2	6
6	Walpole Wallopers ..	2	2	3	3	6	6
8	Wellsian Wanderers	0	5	2	2	4	5

I was anxious to get a more detailed record of the contest, but the following facts were all I was able to assemble.

The same number of goals was scored in each round; but each round produced a distinctive selection of scores. Moreover, no team scored as many as 3 goals in a match, and in no match were there more than 3 goals scored.

In the first round, the Heeltaps drew 0–0 with the Shovellers, while the Lurchers and Wanderers drew 1–1.

In the second round, the Shovellers beat the Wallopers 2–0 and the Lurchers beat the Mudlarks by the same margin. The Dreadnoughts drew with the Harriers 0–0.

In the third round, the Harriers drew with the Shovellers 1–1, the Lurchers drew 0–0 with the Dreadnoughts, and the Wallopers drew 0–0 with the Wanderers.

In the fourth round, the Dreadnoughts beat the Heeltaps 1–0, and the Harriers beat the Wanderers by the same margin.

In the fifth round, the Wallopers beat the Lurchers 2–1.

In the sixth round, the Heeltaps and Lurchers played a pointless draw. The best score was obtained by the Harriers, playing against the Wallopers.

In the last round, there was a pointless draw between the Shovellers and the Dreadnoughts. The Lurchers were the only team to win.

I also ascertained that the Wallopers beat the Dreadnoughts, though I do not know in what round.

I am told that from the above data the detailed results of each round can be ascertained. What are they?

PROBLEM 207.—LOOKING-GLASS ZOO

I will allow another week for research into this problem. So far one correct solution has reached me (from a pseudonymous competitor). I suspect him of being another F. R. S.

PROBLEM 206.—FACE VALUES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. T. Gill, 37 Manor Park, Redland, Bristol 6.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 205.—MINA WAS A MEANIE

Three points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

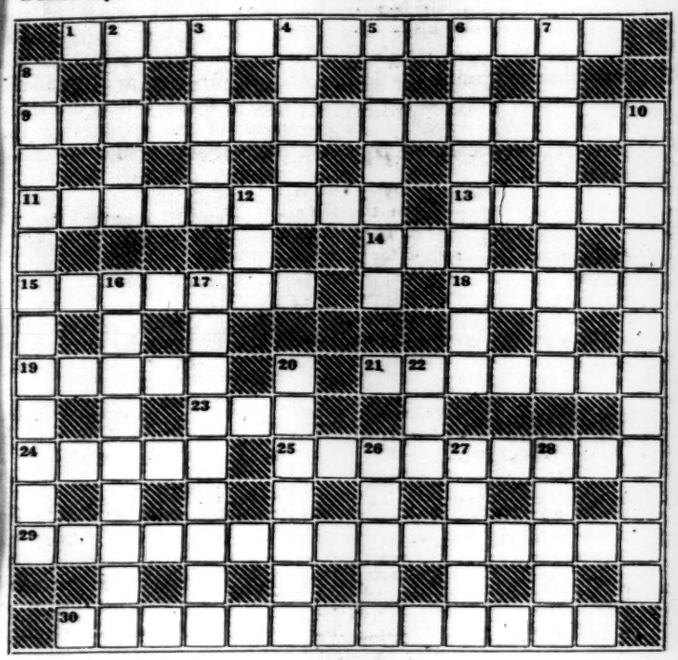
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 356

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss M. Cashin, 17, Church Street, Peel, Isle of Man.

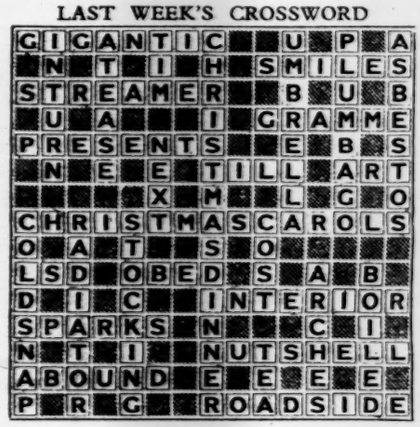
ACROSS

1. This bloom would be all the rage of course.
9. The cynic might question whether any of these remain intact to-day.
11. An engaging incident for the Navy.
13. It's a black outlook, as it were, for him.
14. This 23 would come from Rhode Island.
15. The Israelites blew up the trumpet in it.
18. Where the victorious wrestler keeps his gear.
19. Snake Street?
21. Rats in a worker's building.
23. See 14.
24. Fail to win after a century.
25. Describes the topical parts of this puzzle.
29. Classical gifts that Scotland gave yesterday.
30. One of a "noteworthy" Nuremberg band no doubt.

DOWN

2. The Automobile Association rounds up a mob.
3. When about to emulate the wolf the Assyrian had to cross this part of himself.
4. Attack with a stone.
5. When these cloth workers are properly named they will supply you with tea.
6. Repeated outgoings but no income.
7. Get on with the sale.
8. Customary English constituents for breaking a fast.
10. Does this describe what one walks with when loaded with parcels?
12. Puts Number One first to make its number.
16. A scar it seems is the alternative to misery.
17. Necessarily above board nautically speaking.
20. Put in a recumbent position at the foot of the mount.
22. It's nonsense to take one up a hill.
26. Kinds of works in the Post Office.
27. Place in which we should find ourselves sentenced.
28. Not once to take away.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



GOLDEN MOMENTS

England v. Wales

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE RUBBER SQUEEZE—RUBBER SHARES TO HOLD—AUSTRALIAN PASTORAL COMPANIES—ASSOCIATION OF INVESTMENT TRUSTS

TOREADOR having succumbed to the prevailing epidemic, his Statistical Assistant writes :

This rise in the price of spot rubber to 11¼*d.*—now 10½*d.*—per lb. is highly suspicious. It appears that speculators have virtually cornered the spot market and are forcing consumers to pay extravagantly high prices to meet their urgent demands. As a result of the restriction of output and the steady increase in world consumption, particularly in America, the world stocks of rubber have declined by 180,000 tons to 465,613 tons in the past twelve months. The tightness in the spot market has encouraged speculators to buy up available supplies to hold for higher prices. The International Rubber Regulation Committee cannot escape blame for this unreasonable situation. It has raised the export quota from 65 per cent. to 75 per cent. for the first three months of 1937 and to 80 per cent. for the second quarter, but these increases do not relieve the prevailing shortage in the spot market. Why did not the Committee order an immediate release from the stocks of rubber held on producers' estates? The speculators may force the spot price to 1*s.* per lb., but it cannot be held in the face of the coming increases in the export quotas. Nor is a price of 1*s.* in the interests of the European-owned estates, for it can only lead to a further increase in native production. As a result of bud-grafting developments the rubber producing industry must look forward to a continual expansion of output per acre and reduction in costs. Areas planted with specially selected bud-grafted trees can now yield an output of around 2,000 lbs. per acre as compared with 400 lbs. to 600 lbs. from ordinary unselected and unbudded rubber. Bud-grafted areas are still comparatively small, being about 5 per cent. in Malaya and Ceylon, 10 per cent. in the Dutch East Indies and 28 per cent. in Indo-China, but the Restriction Scheme allows growers to replant one-fifth of their present acreage by the end of 1938. Looking ahead, therefore, the stability of the rubber industry will probably depend upon a progressive lowering of the price of the commodity.

* * *

This is not the time for investors to rush into further purchases of rubber shares, but seeing that excellent profits can be made by the best producing companies selling their output at anything over 7½*d.* per lb., I would counsel holding the shares of companies which satisfy the following tests—a sound financial position, progressive management in the matter of bud-grafting, a fair proportion of young rubber and a high yield per acre. I give a few examples :

	Present Price.	Yield % On Est. Earnings.	Yield % On Last Div.	Est. All-in Cost *d.* per lb.	Est. Earnings % with Rubber at 8½*d.*
Broome Rubber Plantations 2/-	4/6	8.22	3.72	4.00	18.33
Central Sumatra 2/- ..	3/-	10.87	3.33	4.00	16.31
Duff Development 5/-	15/9	8.47	3.17	3.75	26.78
United Serdang 2/- ..	5/-	7.32	2.40	2.50	18.30
United Sua Betong £1	79/3	7 86	3.43	3.50	28.65

Marketability is another important point and those short-term investors who go into the market for a quick profit should confine their attention to the market leaders, such as United Serdang and United Sua Betong.

* * *

Many investors believe that 1937 will be a year for commodity shares and yet hesitate to follow the rise in base metal and rubber shares. I would suggest consideration of the shares of the Australian pastoral companies. The wool position is very sound, and with the prospect of good clips and rising prices all the Australian companies should do well. At this stage in the recovery the manufacturers can hardly expect to do much better, but there is considerable scope for improvement in the earnings of the pastoral companies. The prices of various grades of wool have been :

	End Dec., 1935.	End Mar., 1936.	End June, 1936.	End Sept., 1936.	End Dec., 1936.
Queensland scoured ..	24*d.*	27½*d.*	26*d.*	27*d.*	30*d.*
N.S.W. greasy ..	14	16¾	15½	15½	20
Merino tops 64's ..	32	33	31	32	36

Here are two companies which will benefit from the rise in wool prices :

	Year ended	Earnings. %	Dividend. %	Price.	Yield on Earnings. £ s. d.	Yield on Dividend. £ s. d.
Australian Mercantile :						
Shares £5 (fully paid)...	June 30th,	4.5	4	5½	4 3 0	3 14 0
Shares £25 (£5 paid)...	1936	4.5	4	4½	5 0 0	4 9 0
Australian Pastoral ...	June 30th, 1936	4.7 net	3½ net	98	6 3 0	4 14 0

I will not venture to calculate the increase in earnings due to the price advances, but I would point out that in 1929 Australian Mercantile paid 10 per cent. and Australian Pastoral 5 per cent. net. I do not suppose that current earnings are running at the 1929 level, but Australian Mercantile may be earning as much as 8 per cent. The general manager of the company telegraphed at the end of November that the prices of fine grades of wool were 30 per cent. up on last year and coarse grades 75 per cent. up. On the basis of earnings of 8 per cent. the partly paid shares, which many people hate, will yield 9 per cent. and the fully paid shares over 7 per cent. The partly paid shares were as high as 9¾ in 1929 and the fully paid shares 11¾.

* * *

What is the function of the Association of Investment Trusts? Two recent instances may be quoted to lend point to a question which many investors are now asking. Some weeks ago a scheme of reorganisation of the London Tin-Anglo-Oriental group was published under which the ordinary shareholders of Anglo-Oriental received unduly favourable treatment at the expense of the preference shareholders. I do not propose to discuss again the merits of the case, and will only say that the scheme was subsequently amended to the advantage of the preference shareholders. My point is that the scheme in its original form had received the blessing of the Association of Investment Trusts, and the directors of Anglo-Oriental, in mentioning this fact, were suggesting that what was good enough for the Investment Trusts was good enough for everybody else. The Cambuhy Coffee scheme, also accepted by the Association of Investment Trusts, is attacked on the rather different grounds that it hands over the control of the company to the preference shareholders to the great detriment of the ordinary shareholders of the controlling company, Brazilian Warrant Agency and Finance. My sympathies are always with preference shareholders who are generally called upon to make sacrifices to the advantage of the ordinary shareholders of the company—but what is the position of the Association of Investment Trusts? The Association is not a philanthropic body working for the abstract ideal of justice for preference shareholders; nor is it a poor investor's lawyer on the lines of the Council of Foreign Bondholders. The Investment Trusts are money-making concerns and the Association, though not a money-making, is a money-saving organisation. The Association is not brought into schemes of capital rearrangement as an independent arbiter, but simply because its members may between them hold an important block of shares. It is, in fact, not a disinterested, but a vitally interested party either on one side or the other. The Association would be failing in its duty to its members, quite apart from the human element, if it looked any farther than the investment portfolios of its members. Yet it allows itself to be put in the invidious position of having its settlements quoted as judicial decisions and its authority and prestige invoked to carry through an unpopular and possibly unjust scheme of rearrangement between the various classes of shareholders.

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GEORGE MELVIN,
Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Bridlington.
23rd December, 1936.

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